

Burnert's Land



"The Eagle"

Volume xviii June, 1950

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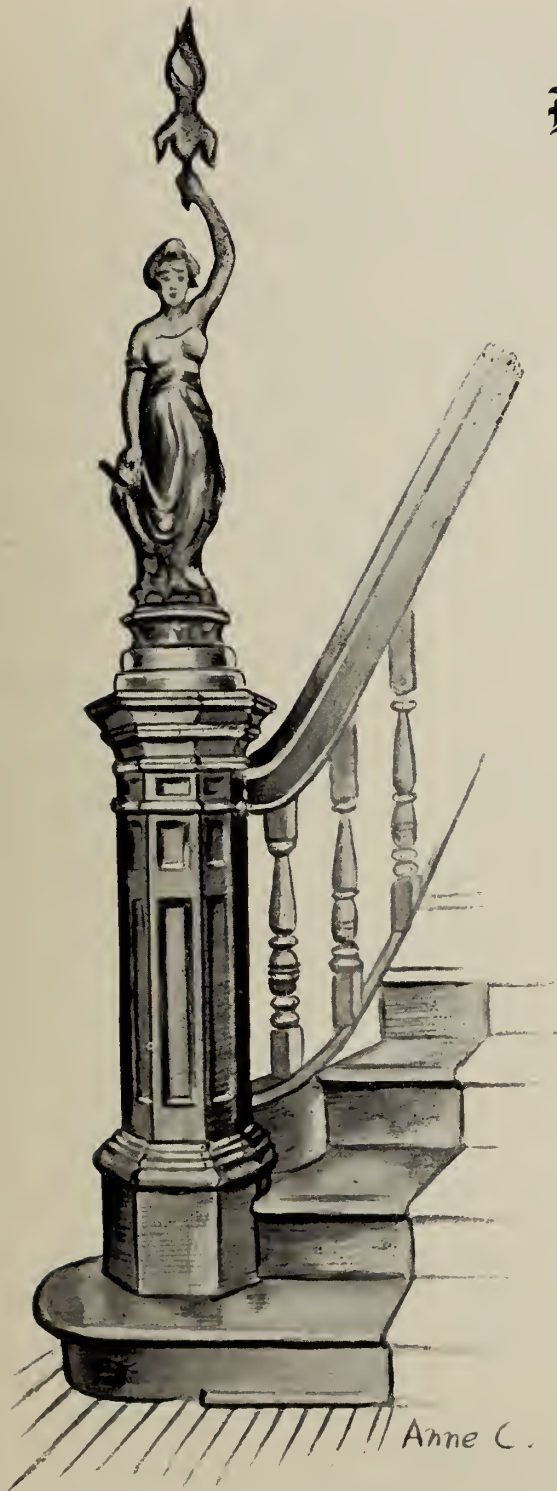
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Winnipeg - Manitoba

VOLUME 18

JUNE, 1950



RUPERT'S LAND SCHOOL

Editorial

We were impressed by the breadth of outlook displayed in last year's editorial. That editorial dealt with the spirit of co-operation, emphasizing the importance of its recognition by the individual, by small groups, and by the world at large. The editors pointed out the necessity for the existence of co-operation, not only inside a country, but between the nations of the world. In this year's editorial, however, we have decided to confine ourselves to a narrower field, and to deal with the principle of co-operation in a specific medium—namely the school. If our editorial were to have a title, it would simply be—School Spirit.

The term—school spirit—is vague and elusive, but at its highest and best, school spirit involves an acceptance of one of the noblest principles of life—that of self-sacrifice—a willingness to serve rather than to be served. In last year's letter, Miss Bartlett interpreted this idea as a willingness to live, "a life consecrated to the service of those around you."

The principle of self-sacrifice applies to both leaders and led. Leaders play an important rôle, and if sufficiently imbued with school spirit, they accept this rôle without fuss, showing a cheerful willingness in undertaking the very many—and sometimes irksome—duties, which fall to their lot. They are loyally punctilious and can be relied upon to set an example to the younger members of the school. The position calls for a subordination of personal interests to the good of the whole; it calls for courage, patience and long-suffering. Leaders cannot fulfil their function adequately, however, without the whole-hearted support of the school. Girls not chosen as leaders should not take this as a signal to withdraw into their own private little shells, comfortable though this may be. They must realize that they are as important in their own way, and that they must play their part—and play it well.

But to be even more specific—where and how can school spirit manifest itself? Immediately we think of various fields of activity—the classroom—the Houses—school societies and the gym. The classroom is a small unit of the

school, where each member has an opportunity to work whole-heartedly to achieve a good standard of work and conduct. The class president takes the lead, but she is helpless unless everyone is willing to do her share. House and society activities reveal co-operation or the lack of it, for again the leaders cannot shoulder all the responsibility. Girls should learn to work and play together, taking a special pride in performing well, any duties delegated to them. Sports are an ideal field for the demonstration of a happy school spirit. Team work, the enthusiasm of the players, and last but not least, the support of those not participating in the game, are all important factors. In games played against other schools, the school spirit is, as it were, on display. All girls should participate in gym or games, whether expert or not, and room and class games should foster a healthy, friendly spirit of rivalry and competition. Unity is also achieved by school gatherings.

Any activities in which the school as a whole takes part, are to be welcomed. Such include socials and parties. Most important in this respect, however, are school prayers. Every morning our corporate act of worship unites us, and reminds us of all that is best and most worthwhile in life. How then shall school spirit be fostered? We feel that once the principle of self-sacrifice has been recognized and accepted, happy results will follow. An effort of will is necessary, however. The way is not easy, and as example is better than precept, the senior members of the school must lead the way.

Co-operation is all-important. It results in an invigorating atmosphere of hard work, friendliness and fun, and its impact is felt by the world outside. If we are imbued with school spirit and bear responsibility cheerfully, playing our part well, whether it be great or small, then we carry a lighted torch to hand on to those who come after us. Then and then only, are we as individuals and as a school, a living demonstration of the great truth, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE EDITORS.



MISS BARTLETT

Miss Bartlett's Letter

My Dear Girls:

This time my letter is a farewell letter, and I am finding it a very difficult one to write; it is so hard to express clearly and fully what I feel. But one thing is quite certain and simple to say—I shall always look back with great pleasure on the twenty years which, with one brief break, I have spent at Rupert's Land School.

Many of those years were years of difficulty and trouble in the world. From 1930 to 1935 there was much distress due to the depression following the first World War; the seven years of the second Great War caused untold suffering to many millions of people, and led to world-wide unrest which is all too present with us today.

During all this time we strove in school to do our work well, to keep high ideals before us, to fit ourselves to serve others, in fact, to keep in mind the two words of our motto: Alta Petens. What motto will be used in future I do not know, but I like to think that here are two words of Latin well-known to many generations of "Rupe" girls, and hope that many will teach at least that amount to their children,

so that they too may be moved to go through life 'seeking the heights' of achievement and fine character.

During all this time, working with the loyal, friendly staff and girls, I have been very happy. I shall always want to know what you are doing as individuals, and I do hope that many of you will let me hear from you often. Each one of you has my sincerest wishes for success and happiness.

Of the reputation and achievements of the school and its alumnae I am intensely proud, and I feel confident that with the continued love and loyalty of you all, alumnae and present girls, the new school faces a bright future. Remember—those of you who will have some years still in the school — that you can play a very important part in ensuring the brightness of that future, by carrying with you the best of the traditions which we have all been working for in the past.

Now, goodbye. As I go, my very best wishes and my love stay with you.

Affectionately yours,
ELSIE BARTLETT.

The Archbishop's Letter

I VERY readily, though regretfully, accede to your request to write a word of appreciation of the Headmistress for your 1950 Year Book.

Her resignation came as a great blow to me. I staved it off a year previous but this time I could not prevail upon her to reconsider.

She has been a great asset to the School for a great many years and with her going a chapter will close.

I want to make it clear that I write this before there has been a single word of discussion in the College Council about the idea of amalgamation with another School and without any knowledge of what the outcome of that discussion will be. I write it in the face of the existing situation only.

Miss Bartlett taught for some years in different parts of England and then in 1930 came out to Rupert's Land, where she stayed for five years. After two years in England she received a cable from Rupert's Land offering her the position of Headmistress to replace Miss Millard. After much hesitation and following the receipt of a second cable she accepted; and so began the thirteen-year period of service which has been of such benefit to the School.

"Alta petens" has certainly been her personal motto as well as that of the School. She has ever tried to raise the School higher and higher and make it better and better. And results prove she has largely succeeded.

We say goodbye to Miss Bartlett with deep regret, deep appreciation, and deep affection. May her future be as bright and happy as we know it will be useful and beneficial to others.

L. Ralph Ruperto (and).

Head Girl

From a thriving northern Manitoba mining town, where dark, spruce-clad shores meet tawny limestone by the changing waters of Herb Lake, June came to Rupert's Land in September of 1947. Though somewhat awestruck at first and a little timid of life in the city, she soon became adjusted to her new surroundings and took a continually increasing part in school affairs. In Grade X, she was a member of the Boarding School Council, a prefect in Machray House in her Grade XI year, and was elected Head Girl at the commencement of this school year.

With quiet dignity and steadfastness of purpose, June has shouldered her responsibilities and tackled the problems facing her as leader of the School Council; her fairness, her sincerity and unselfishness have won her the affection and respect of everyone. In sports, too, June has taken an active part, having been a valuable member of this year's undefeated First Basketball Team. Next year, she hopes to continue her studies at the University and our best wishes go with her!

June has the unique position of being the last in the long line of Head Girls of Rupert's Land School and has shown herself in every way worthy to be one of that group of distinguished young people, who, each in her own generation, has made such a fine contribution to the life of the School, to the building up of



JUNE KOBAR

the traditions associated with it and the enviable reputation it enjoys.

It seems fitting that this tribute to June should end with the names of those Head Girls, who, along with her, will be long remembered with affection.

1923-24 Katherine Middleton
1924-25 Ruth Tucker
1925-26 Margaret Carey
1926-27 Marjorie Hoskin
1927-28 Isobel Magill
1928-29 Muriel Wright
1929-30 Jocelyn Botterell
1930-31 Mary Lile Love
1931-32 Jean Wells

1932-33 Katherine Saunders
1933-34 Joan Watson
1934-35 Mary Kate Florance
1935-36 Sheila O'Grady
1936-37 Margaret Martin
1937-38 Beverley McVicar
1938-39 Jocelyn Richardson
1939-40 Leslie Florance
1940-41 Monica Mackersy

1941-42 Kathryn Milner
1942-43 Anne Cunningham
1943-44 Gertrude Eland
1944-45 Amy Best
1945-46 Martha Grimble
1946-47 Margaret Killick
1947-48 Barbara Cameron
1948-49 Ruth Swatland
1949-50 June Kobar

E.M.B. and F.B.S.



MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE

BACK ROW (left to right)—Patricia Taylor, Johanne Wintemute, Miss Hawkes, Miss Lucas, Mrs. Fallis, Wendy Smith, Shelagh Morrison.

SECOND ROW (left to right)—Shelagh Joy, Nancy Smith, Sally Dangerfield, Miss Boreham, Pamela Garton, June Kobar, Geraldine Schoepp.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Jocelyn Carey, Marlene Musgrove, Moira Morrison.

ABSENT—Thelma Dawson.

Magazine Executive, 1949-50

Adviser to the Editors Miss Hawkes
 Editors June Kobar, Geraldine Schoepp, Jocelyn Carey
 Business Managers Miss Lucas, Patsy Taylor, Moira Morrison
 Sports Pamela Garton, Marlene Musgrove
 Photography Nancy Smith, Shelagh Joy, Thelma Dawson
 Art Wendy Smith, Johanne Wintemute
 Recording Events Miss Boreham, Shelagh Morrison, Sally Dangerfield
 Advertising Convener Mrs. Fallis

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 Lorna Craig
 Diana Nanton

Barbara Thomas
 Bertie Clancy
 Cathy Young
 Jocelyn Carey
 Marlene Musgrove
 Johanne Wintemute
 Katharine Wood



SCHOOL COUNCIL, 1949-50

BACK ROW (left to right)—Johanne Wintemute, Wendy Smith, Nancy Smith, Sally Dangerfield,
Alice Elliot, Lillian Briercliffe, Marlene Musgrove.
FRONT ROW (left to right)—Shelagh Morrison, Patricia Taylor, June Kobar, Pamela Garton,
Jocelyn Carey, Moira Morrison.



BOARDING SCHOOL COUNCIL

Left to right—Mary Lane Ward, Alice Elliot, June Kobar, Wendy Smith, Moira Morrison.

House Notes

MATHESON HOUSE EXECUTIVE

<i>President</i>	Miss Sharman
<i>Associates</i>	Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. McKenzie, Miss Marson
<i>Captain</i>	Moirra Morrison
<i>Prefects</i>	Wendy Smith, Johanne Wintemute
<i>Lieutenants</i>	Janet Carman (Sr.) Lorna Craig (Jr.)
<i>Senior Sports Captain</i>	Johanne Wintemute
<i>Junior Sports Captain</i>	Mary Lane Ward
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Doris Tucker

Matheson extended a warm welcome to Mrs. McKenzie, Hazel Dickson, Faith Wilson, Gail Allman and Sheila Mitchell, who joined our House this year. Mrs. McKenzie honored our House at initiation by being chosen with Claire McCallum (Jones House), as "Miss Rupert's Land."

October 4, on a mild, sunny day, Matheson had their first party of the year, which was a picnic at River Park. Our sport's captains arranged a very enjoyable series of games for us, which included volleyball, dodge-ball, a sing-song and an intriguing treasure hunt.

We became very proud of our House badminton players, Johanne Wintemute, Wendy Smith, Janet Carman, Bertie Clancy, Judy Patton and Mary Lane Ward, who won top honors for the House, losing only one game. Congratulations, "kids!"

The inter-house basketball and volleyball competitions are over for another year, and although Matheson didn't get top honors, everyone tried hard and showed great school spirit.

Near the end of February, Matheson enjoyed an invigorating tally-ho, despite the below-zero weather; and refreshments of hot-dogs, cokes and cookies were afterwards served at Lorna Craig's home. Afterwards we joined in lively steps to the tune of Lorna's gramophone, enjoying everything from the latest ballroom and jazz steps to a rhythmic congo line. All the girls agreed that they had had a wonderful time and we were all very grateful for Lorna's kind hospitality.

Matheson was sorry to see the departure of Miss Marson, who was such a great help to us. We especially thank her for kindly transporting many of us back and forth from our parties in her car. Our best wishes for the future go with you, Miss Marson, and we'll miss you very much.

Matheson also wishes to congratulate Faith Wilson (junior class), and Mary Lane Ward (intermediate class), who were runners-up in their class for the gym cup.

We are all looking forward to the summer term with the continuation of the inter-house sports, the annual Mission Tea, and our final party, which will complete a grand and exciting year.



DALTON HOUSE EXECUTIVE

<i>President</i>	Miss E. Newton
<i>Associates</i>	Mrs. E. Fallis, Mrs. Peterson, Miss G. Edwards
<i>Captain</i>	Shelagh Morrison
<i>House Prefects</i>	Pamela Garton, Lillian Briercliffe
<i>Lieutenants</i>	Katherine Vlassie (Sr.) Barbara Risk (Jr.)
<i>Senior Sports Captain</i>	Pamela Garton
<i>Junior Sports Captain</i>	Joey Adamson
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Frances Macfarland

This has been a comparatively quiet year in Dalton House. The first three meetings were spent in electing officers for the year. At the fourth, the new girls were welcomed and told of the fine traditions of Miss Dalton, founder of our House. We were very pleased to welcome to Dalton House two new members of the staff, Mrs. Fallis and Miss Edwards.

We have had two parties, one of which was held on October 18th. We were planning to go to River Park, but due to a wet, slushy day, we had to be content with using our imagination to turn the common-room into a park. The second was a tally-ho, held on March 8th. Everyone had a marvellous time, and afterwards went back to Shelagh's, where an excellent supper of weiners, etc., was enjoyed to the full.

House games in badminton, basketball and volleyball were held, with everybody enjoying the keen competition. Many House members were on these teams, and we congratulate all the girls on their efforts.

Next term we are all looking forward to House tennis and the Mission Tea, where the blue and silver colors of Dalton House will again adorn the House table.

JONES HOUSE

EXECUTIVE

<i>President</i>	Miss C. Boreham
<i>Associates</i>	Miss Inglis, Miss N. Lucas, Mrs. Dennis
<i>Captain</i>	Jocelyn Carey
<i>Prefects</i>	Marlene Musgrove, Nancy Smith
<i>Senior Sports Captain</i>	Marlene Musgrove
<i>Junior Sports Captain</i>	Susan Snell Katharine Wood
<i>Lieutenants</i>	Thelma Dawson (Sr.) Jane Gladstone (Jr.)
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Geraldine Schoepp

This year we welcomed Miss Boreham and Miss Inglis to our House. Even though Jones House hasn't done so well in getting high marks this year, everyone has done her best and has had a good time doing it.

In sports, Jones House has played well, showing great exuberance and overflowing enthusiasm. The first term we played badminton and volleyball, with Jones coming third and second respectively. This term we played basketball and came second. We are now looking forward to the tennis competition, in which we hope Jones will do well.

Another event of the second term was the party, of which the main feature was a treasure hunt. This and other games planned by Marlene, kept everyone in good spirits. Prizes were given to the winners of each game. The food, (the most important part), was wonderful, and we all enjoyed a good sample of Thelma's baking.

The gym competitions were held this term and everyone in Jones did very well. We would especially like to congratulate Mary Hodder, winner of the Midget Cup; Arlene McEwing, winner of the Junior Cup, and Marlene and Katharine, who placed second and third in the senior competition.

Jones rather fell down in conduct this year, but we can account for this. It is the unfailing high spirit of the girls, which keeps them perhaps just a little too carefree and happy.

Next term we have the Mission Tea and another Jones House party to look forward to. Although we have not done as well this year in the actual number of points gained, we can at least feel that we have built up a strong spirit of co-operation and friendliness, and that we have done our best for Jones.

MACHRAY HOUSE

EXECUTIVE

<i>President</i>	Miss G. Smith
<i>Associates</i>	Miss Hawkes, Miss McMillan, Mrs. Coulter, Mrs. Nixon
<i>Captain</i>	Patsy Taylor
<i>Prefects</i>	Alice Elliot, Sally Dangerfield
<i>Lieutenants</i>	Joan Neilson, Barbara Thomas
<i>Senior Sports Captain</i>	Patsy Taylor
<i>Junior Sports Captain</i>	Cathy Young
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Ina Huehn

The most important thing that took place during the Christmas term was the election of the House executive. We were all very pleased at the beginning of the term to know that Miss Grace Smith was to be our new House president. We also welcomed Miss Hawkes and Mrs. Coulter, two new members of the staff, to our House. There was also the badminton competition during the Christmas term, in which Machray came second. Although there were no other activities scheduled for the Christmas term, everyone was looking forward and planning the sports which were to take place next term.

The activities of the Easter term started out with the volleyball and basketball competitions. Everyone was very pleased when Machray came first in the volleyball and tied with Dalton for top honors in the basketball event. On February 16th everyone piled into a sleigh and headed for an evening of thrills and spills on a tally-ho. After the tally-ho everyone went to Patsy's house for refreshments, consisting of hot-dogs and cokes. On March 16th was the gym competition. Two of Machray House members shone very brightly in this annual event. We all want to congratulate Cathy Young, who came first in the intermediate class, and Rosemary Lynde, who tied for first place in the midget class.

Our work and conduct have not been very so far this year, but we are hoping to improve.

Now we are all looking forward to our annual Mission Tea, which will take place next term. There will also be tennis and other sports which are awaited eagerly by everyone.

School Sports

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

This year each of our basketball teams played two games, each against the opposing schools, St. Mary's and Riverbend. However, due to unfortunate circumstances, one junior and intermediate game with Riverbend, had to be cancelled, but of the fourteen games played, we are very proud to report that we were successful in winning ten, while St. Mary's captured the series, winning by a one-game lead.

The teamwork, sportsmanship and ability of our players throughout the basketball season, is indeed worthy of praise. We wish to congratulate all the teams who have worked so hard, and especially the first team, on their being victorious in all the games they played. The skill and determination displayed by all the girls on the teams, and the enthusiasm of the supporters, have made this season most enjoyable.

Senior teams—

Rupert's Land I vs. Riverbend I at home, won.
Rupert's Land I vs. Riverbend at Riverbend, won.

Rupert's Land I vs. St. Mary's I at home, won.
Rupert's Land I vs. St. Mary's I at St. Mary's, won.

Rupert's Land II vs. Riverbend II at home, won.
Rupert's Land II vs. Riverbend II at Riverbend, won.

Rupert's Land II vs. St. Mary's II at home, lost.
Rupert's Land II vs. St. Mary's II at St. Mary's, won.

Intermediate team—

Rupert's Land vs. Riverbend at Riverbend, won.
Rupert's Land vs. St. Mary's at home, tie, 24-24.
Rupert's Land vs. St. Mary's at St. Mary's, lost.

Junior team—

Rupert's Land vs. Riverbend at Riverbend, won.
Rupert's Land vs. St. Mary's at home, lost.
Rupert's Land vs. St. Mary's at St. Mary's, lost.

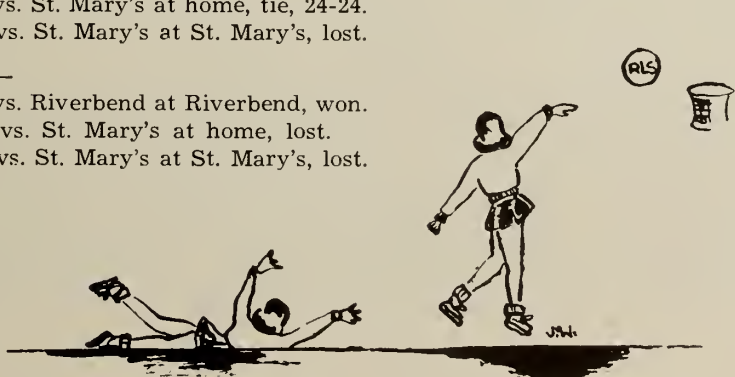


PAMELA GARTON

ALUMNAE BASKETBALL GAME

Competition was keen as the "Old Girls'," first and second teams, played our first and second teams at the Annual Basketball Dance, held on January 27th. Lucy Hooker, of the old girls' second team, amazed us with her long shots, which helped her team win a victory. All teams played extremely well, and the games were a great success.

The scores were: School I, 23; Alumnae I, 19. Alumnae II, 24; School II, 23.





FIRST TEAM

Left to right—Marlene Musgrove, Jocelyn Carey, Patricia Taylor, Shelagh Morrison, June Kobar, Pamela Garton, Sally Dangerfield.



SECOND TEAM

Left to right—Ina Huehn, Johanne Wintemute, Katharine Wood, Cathy Young, Moira Morrison, Donna Smith, Wendy Smith, Joey Adamson.



INTERMEDIATE TEAM

Left to right—Barbara Thomas, Diana Nanton, Lois Macdonald, Mary Lane Ward, Judy Patton, Lorna Craig, Teresa Thain.



JUNIOR TEAM

BACK ROW (left to right—Frances Macfarland, Glen Murray, Judy Hanson, Joan Davidson, Jane Gladstone.
FRONT ROW (left to right)—Honor Bonnycastle, Gladys Ward, Pamela Garton, Arlene McEwing, Jane Savage.

Teams

FIRST TEAM

Guards:

June Kobar—Nice player. Remember to use your height. Noted for team spirit.

Sally Dangerfield — Excellent at intercepting high balls but watch where you throw them, Sal. Nice team spirit.

Marlene Musgrove—A fast and reliable player. Nice team spirit. Watch those steps, P.G.

Forwards:

Patsy Taylor—Nice shooting and excellent footwork. Remember to "look before you leap." Vary those passes.

Shelagh Morrison—Good shot but would get better results by using layups. Good game, don't get rattled.

Jocelyn Carey—Has worked very hard. Excellent team spirit. Hang on to that ball, Joc, and remember to be steady.

Pamela Garton (captain)—Calm, steady player —uses height and gets rebounds. Has good footwork, but don't get dizzy, Pam, on those spins, M.M.

SECOND TEAM

Forwards:

Cathy Young (captain) — Exceptionally good player. Never lets her team down. Watch those positions while shooting, Cathy.

Johanne Wintemute—Nice shooting, Jo, but how about trying layups for a change. Plays with team well. Needs to eat her wheaties more often.

Wendy Smith—Good team work. Vary your positions. Nice footwork but basketball can be exciting, you know.

Donna Smith—An enthusiastic player. Will improve with experience. Hold on to that ball, Donna, and don't be afraid of it.

Guards:

Joey Adamson — One of our more energetic players. Nice and fast but inclined to be a little rough. Keep up the good work.

Katharine Wood—Plays with team well. Try and put more fight into your game. Be careful of those steps, Kath.

Ina Huehn—Good at intercepting. Nice team-work, Ina. Move around more and don't barge.

Moirra Morrison—Has done awfully well for a new player. Very fast but remember don't barge like they do in Yorkton.

INTERMEDIATE TEAM

Forwards:

Mary Lane Ward (captain)—Is good at playing guard as well as forward. Excellent team spirit. Plays a neat game but don't give up.

Judy Patton—Excellent shot but remember to use the other forwards on the team. Jumps well for rebounds. Where's that team spirit?

Diana Nanton—Keep up that good shooting, Dinie. Don't get flustered and hold on to the ball.

Barbara Thomas—Plays well with the team. Remember to aim before you shoot. Will improve with experience.

Guards:

Lorna Craig—Nice team spirit. Watch that footwork Lorna. Remain steady throughout the game.

Lois Macdonald—Good at intercepting but use your height. Nice footwork. Be serious and don't fool.

JUNIOR TEAM

Guards:

Glen Murray (captain)—Excellent team spirit. Watch those steps, Glen, and remember to jump. Will make a good player.

Joan Davidson—Holds ball well but don't be afraid of it. Get into spaces. Nice team spirit.

Frances Macfarland—Nice player. Holds the ball well. Excellent team spirit. Run around more.

Jane Savage—Nice team spirit. Get into the game more. Works very hard. Game will improve.

Forwards:

Jane Gladstone—Makes a good centre. Excellent at receiving passes. A nice shot. Don't give up.

Arlene McEwing—Very good player. Excellent at layup shots. Jump more for rebounds and keep that team spirit.

Judy Hanson—Good shot but put more fight into it. Don't rely so much on other players. Good jumper.

Gladys Ward—Never gives up. Don't lose that enthusiasm. Get into spaces and hold on to that ball. Nice shooting.



Picture of First Action B.B. Shot

HOUSE VOLLEYBALL AND CLASS VOLLEYBALL

Even though we had to start playing volleyball right after the Christmas season, without many practices, each House produced a very good team, and thus the series was most interesting. At first it was hard to tell just who had the best team, but soon Machray moved ahead and stayed that way until the end of the series. Out of a possible 99 points, Machray came out on top with 92 points, Jones 73, Matheson 65 and Dalton 60.

This year the last class volleyball game was between Grade IX and Grade XI. Although both grades fought to the finish, Grade XI eventually won, the score being 27 to 19.



INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL

This year the inter-House basketball series was based on total number of games won, instead of on total points.

Each House produced a very enthusiastic team, and the way the games were played made the series a profitable one.

The first few games, although played exceptionally well, did not prove to be half as ex-

citing as the last game, in which Dalton House and Machray House tied for first place, each winning two games. Jones came next, winning one game, while Matheson was last.



INTER-GRADE BASKETBALL

Inter-grade basketball was played from Grade VII to Grade XII this year, each grade providing a good team. Although the younger ones did not win their games, we feel sure they benefitted from their experiences throughout the series.

The results were: First, Grade XI and XII; second, Grade IX; and third, Grade X.



HOUSE BADMINTON

House badminton successfully started off the sports this year, and we feel sure it was enjoyed by everyone participating, as well as by the supporters.

Although there was keen competition and excellent sportsmanship throughout the Houses, Matheson managed to lead in the badminton series, winning with a score of 96 points out of a possible 99 points, while Machray came next with 66 points. Jones House came third with 65, and Dalton came last with 56 points.



Picture of Second Action B.B. Shot

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND GYM COMPETITION

One of the most interesting and exciting events to take place each year is the P.T. and gym competition, and this year it was held on March 16th in the school gym. The judges were Mrs. B. Robinson and Miss B. Dunsmore.

We wish to thank Mr. Thorsen for his wonderful guidance throughout the years in teaching us, not only how to do the exercises properly, but also how to get the most enjoyment out of them. We feel sure that his P.T. and gym display, which is to take place in the Playhouse next term, will be a great success.

The results of the P.T. competition were: First, Grade IX, and second was a tie between Grade XI, Grade VII and Grade VIII.

The results combining the P.T., the gym and the rope swinging, were: First, Grade IX; second, Grade XI; third, Grade VI.

The results of the gym competition were: Senior, Shelagh Morrison; Intermediate, Cathy Young; Junior, Arlene McEwing; Midget, Mary Hodder and Rosemary Lynde.



SUMMER SPORTS

In the summer term we hope to play House tennis and House deck tennis. These will prove to be very important games as the Houses are all working extremely hard to come first in the sports. The annual tennis tournament will also take place, which should prove to be very exciting.

We would like to thank all the girls for taking part in the games so enthusiastically, and we certainly hope you have enjoyed them as much as we have. Also thanks are due to all the supporters, the timekeeper and the scorekeeper.

We wish the best of luck to all the girls who will be playing on school teams next year. May you have success.

PAMELA GARTON,
Sports Captain.

MARLENE MUSGROVE,
Assistant Sports Captain.



SPORTS AT R.L.S.

I am sure that almost everyone agrees that school would be very tedious if the monotony of "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic" was not broken by the call of the basket ball and the

volley ball. I have nothing against "the three R's," for I know they are a part of growing up, but another R, standing for recreation, reigns supreme in my mind, as in the minds of most teen agers. Sports are a recreation for most of us, and a very pleasant way of forgetting those Algebra and Chemistry equations, and the other completely bewildering pieces of information, which are bravely manoeuvred into our work-weary brains by our very patient teachers.

At R.L.S. sports play a prominent part in our every day life. Almost every noon hour there arises from the gym, the cry of, "shoot," or the cheering of one of the Houses when the points mount for them. For most of us the gym has become the most important room in the school.

"Rupe" participates in a wide range of sports, basketball predominating. In the early fall we have our "try outs" for the school teams, which consist of two senior teams, an intermediate team and a junior team. Proud are we the day that Miss Barlett hands us our crests, which mark us as the teams who will support our school in the series of games which usually begins in December. Before we are ready for these games, there are two months of continual practices, at which there are often heard remarks—such as: "I'm just dead," but more often one hears, "Come on girls, let's make this a good, hard practice." Our team spirit and constant practice, have together pulled us through to many victories.

Besides basketball, we have inter-house and inter-room competitions in volley ball, tennis and badminton. As regards these games, those who excel, are chosen to play in the games which are held in the noon hour. Excitement runs high and competition is keen, as the ball or bird is batted back and forth across the net, and the points rise to victory or drop towards defeat. Whether victorious or not, everyone leaves the game with a light heart and visions of future success.

Of great joy to the younger members of the school, is the skating rink at the back of the school. All through the Winter months this expanse of ice is dotted with little figures, (and quite often larger ones too), who wish to become future Barbara Ann Scotts. In the Summer when the snow is gone, the rink takes the form of a tennis court, on which the senior girls spend many happy hours trying to get the ball over the net—(sometimes with success!) Here we hold the annual tennis competition, which usually takes place in June.

Our competitions are not in vain, however, for on that night of all nights — Prize Giving — some girls have the honour of stumbling with shaking legs and beating hearts, up on the stage, and receiving a silver cup, which they will cherish for the rest of their lives. In years to come, when they are old and grey, they will tell their grandchildren that they won it at “dear old Rupe.”

MARLENE MUSGROVE,
Grade XI.

BASKETBALL

I remember the first day when we were going to be “tried out” for the Junior team. We all went into the gym and lined up to start shooting. I had never seen Pamela or Miss Marson look so exhausted. First Pamela would shout, “Get your rebounds.” Miss Marson would then shout, “Get into your spaces — move around.” What an exciting day! Then came the Intermediates, and they were going to play with us. The score was about 100-0 — for the Intermediates, of course! After a very long time, we finally understood that when a basket was made or a whistle blown, we had to stop.

The day finally came when we were to receive our crests for the team. I think Pamela must have been glad, for we had bothered her continually, urging her to tell us if we had “made it.” Pamela must have been cross with us, but had always answered patiently. At last we found out, however, and those who “made it” were: Glen Murray (captain), Judy Hanson, Joan Davidson, Gladys Ward, Jane Gladstone, Jane Savage, Honor Bonnycastle, Arlene McEwing.

ARLENE McEWING,
Grade VI.



The Basketball Dance

Friday evening, January 27th, was an eventful one for the girls from grade IX to XII, being the occasion of the annual basket ball dance. The games played between the present girls' first and second teams and those of the Alumnae, were very exciting and well played—there were no casualties!

When the games were over, balloons and streamers were festooned about the room and the dancing began, the music being provided by the Eaton's Junior Council Executive band-box. There was a very good selection of the

latest records, and to these we danced bingo dances, spot dances, broom dances and just ordinary dances. The first spot dance was won by Pamela Garton and John Adamson, and the second by Thelma Dawson and Barney McAnna.

At last the inevitable happened; the room was dismantled of its balloons and streamers, and there was chaos and confusion as everyone scrambled to get a balloon. We danced for the next quarter of an hour on bits of rubber and paper for scarcely a balloon or a streamer was left whole.

For those in need of refreshment, soft drinks, jelly busters and doughnuts were served in the common room. After a few more dances we retired, footsore but contented, for the evening had been a great success.

SALLY DANGERFIELD.



The Speech Competition

This year a new type of competition was held — a speech competition — under the direction of Miss Hawkes. Each girl from grade seven to grade twelve prepared a speech. These were read to Miss Hawkes, Miss Inglis and Miss Newton, who chose the four best speeches from each grade. These girls acted as speaker, chairman, proposer and seconder of the vote of thanks in their respective teams.

On the evening the competition was held, each grade presented its team of four. The subjects were as follows:

Grade 7—Penicillin, by Sally Dagg.

Grade 8 — The Winnipeg Ballet, by Glen Murray.

Grade 9—The Grasshopper on the Royal Exchange, by Teresa Thain.

Grade 10—Madame Curie, by Johanne Wintemute.

Grade 11—The Canadian Ballet, by Jocelyn Carey.

Grade 12—Mozart, by Thelma Dawson.

In the junior competition, grade seven won, with Sally Dagg presenting an interesting and educational speech on penicillin. In the senior competition, grade twelve received top honors with Thelma Dawson speaking on Mozart. The adjudicator, Miss Kathleen Parker, judged the speeches on information, presentation and poise, and her comments climaxed a most enjoyable evening.

SHELAGH MORRISON.

Initiation

On October 28th, initiation was held and provided an interesting and amusing evening for all. This year, the procedure was a little different from that usually followed, as the initiates had rehearsed their parts.

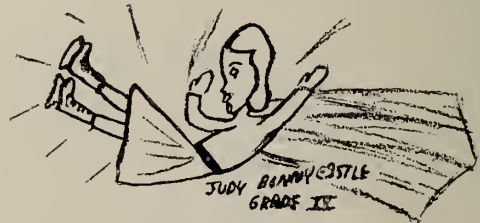
The evening's entertainment was opened by the initiation of the new school council, who sang an ingenious song, composed by Johanne Wintemute, Jocelyn Carey and Sally Dangerfield. The guests of honour were then introduced by our amusing master, (or should I say mistress), of ceremonies, Johanne Wintemute. Mrs. Fallis and Miss Boreham, dressed in true Highland costume, performed the Highland fling, while Miss Hawkes portrayed the love-sick Pyramus talking through the chink in the wall. Miss Inglis became a shy little girl for the evening, Mrs. Coulter a most convincing magician, while Miss Edwards donned the costume of a squaw and sang the Indian Love Call, and Mrs. Steacy sang as a Mexican. Cheer leaders, ballet dancers, singers and a fiddler, also contributed to the entertainment. But the highlight of the evening was provided by Mrs. McKenzie and Claire McCallum in their duet, "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True." Due to their supreme efforts, Claire McCallum went down in Rupe's annals as "Miss Rupert's Land, 1949-50," while Mrs. McKenzie became the first "Mrs. Rupert's Land." After the initiates' performance, Mr. Thorsen and his daughter, Astrid, gave what proved to be a spectacular acrobatic display, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

At the completion of the program, refreshments were served to the participants and the guests.

SHELAGH MORRISON.



Margaret Duncan
Grade XI



DANGER

This girl was gliding across the ice,
And everyone said that she looked nice,
But all of a sudden she had a fall
Because she tripped on her frilly shawl.

JUDY BONNYCASTLE,
Grade IV.

The Mother and Daughter Banquet

On Friday, Dec. 2nd, the girls from grades X to XII and their mothers, (or acting mothers), gathered in the drawing room of the school, where the mothers were introduced. After chatting for a few minutes and becoming well acquainted, we all went down to the dining room where a lovely banquet awaited us. We had delicious roast turkey with cranberry sauce, and for dessert, ice cream and strawberries.

Miss Bartlett introduced Marlene Musgrove who proposed a toast to the mothers. Mrs. Joy was then introduced and she replied to this toast by telling us a story. She had been given two dolls, when she was a girl, which she had loved very much. She had not, however, been very careful with them, and, to her sorrow, they had been broken. Later in her life she was given two more dolls, and she was determined that these should not share the fate of the first two, so she sent them to Rupert's Land! Mrs. Joy then proposed a toast to the "dolls" of Rupert's Land.

Mrs. Nelson Smith talked to us about her early school days in Manitoba. She told us about the adventures she and her sister had had when they were young, of the little one-room school they went to, which was quite a distance from their home, and of the hard times they had getting there in winter when the snow drifts were deep. We were all very much impressed by this description of Mrs. Smith's school days, for we have such a different school life now, that it is hard to realize that just a few years ago there were no street cars or buses or automobiles in parts of Manitoba, to take the children to and from school.

We then went to the gym where Miss Sharman and Joan Neilson showed us two movies. The first was a very interesting one on skiing, and the second was called, "The Loon's Necklace." It is a film which tells the story of an old Indian legend about how the loon got its necklace of black feathers, and in the making of the film, real masks carved by Indians, were used. We were very fortunate in being able to see this film for it is an exceptionally good one, having won many prizes.

When the movies were over, we chatted for a few minutes and then left for home, all agreeing that it had been a very enjoyable and successful evening.

SALLY DANGERFIELD.

THE LOON'S NECKLACE

Oh wise Kelora groping blindly through
The wilds, to eerie marshes where the loon,
Uttering his intermittent and unnerving wail,
Awaits thy slow approach and mystic prayer—
Shall sight be thine?

Yea, even now the loon uplifts his head,
And with shrill scream startles the woodland
 gods
And grants thy lowly chanted prayer, while
 all around
The woods take shape and tower to meet the
 dawn
Above the hills.

What gift in recompense shalt thou bestow?
Thy magic necklace by whose gracious aid
Thou drov'st to bay the snarling wolves, when
 dark and gaunt
The naked Famine crept across the land,
A shivering foe.

With sure and eager fingers, thou dost take
The kingly gift, and toss it to the loon,
Around whose neck a gemmy circlet bright
 entwines,
The loose beads scattering o'er the glistening
 back—
A royal cloak.

Z. HAWKES.



L'HYMNE DU CANADA

Qui a jamais entendu parler de Calixa Lavallée? Bien peu, sans doute. Son nom devrait pourtant être familier en notre pays, car lorsqu'éclate la musique de son "O Canada," tous, soldats ou civils, et même le Roi du Canada, se tiennent debout à l'attention.

Calixa Lavallée est né à Verchères, le village de l'héroïque Madeleine, vivant enfant au milieu des fils des vétérans de Montcalm et parmi les rebelles qui s'étaient battus en 1837 pour le gouvernement responsable, Calixa Lavallée s'était imbibé d'un canadianisme de pionnier.

En 1880, ses amis lui proposèrent de mettre en musique le poème "O Canada" que venait d'écrire le Juge Routhier. Le fait qu'il le fit, et avec quel succès durable, prouve son amour pour le Canada. La musique constitue pour sa terre natale, un legs sans prix.

E. FALLIS.



TEACHERS—GROUP 1

BACK ROW (left to right)—Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Steacy, Miss Hawkes,
FRONT ROW (left to right)—Miss Sharman, Mrs. Nixon, Miss Boreham, Mrs. Fallis.

OXFORD

"When I was up at Oxford"—what a host of memories are awakened by that phrase. For Oxford, like most universities, is a little world in itself, with its own traditions, customs, (many of them quaint to the outsider), slang and atmosphere. And it is hard by putting a few bald statements on paper, to give any real impression of that world.

The college in Oxford is almost more important than the university itself. For the college is more than a residence or dormitory, but is itself an educational unit. One enters Oxford, not through the university, but through a particular college, each one with its own entrance examination and scholarships. Every college has its teaching staff of graduates, known collectively as the Senior Common Room and individually as dons or fellows. The colleges, many of them dating back to the Middle Ages, are scattered all over the town of Oxford, which today is becoming important as an industrial centre as well as a university town. There are five women's colleges, each with about a hundred to three hundred undergraduates, or mem-

bers of the Junior Common Room; the men's colleges are larger and more numerous.

Each undergraduate has his own rooms, varying in size and comfort, and is free to come and go as he pleases. All college gates are shut at 9 p.m., but anyone may enter until midnight, by ringing for the porter, after which lawful entry is forbidden and recourse must be had to "climbing in." Any breaches of university regulations, (which incidentally are all written in Latin), outside college walls, are dealt with by the two university proctors, who prowl the streets of Oxford with their "bulldogs," (men in bowler hats), who are ready to give chase to any erring undergraduates. Gowns, of which there are two sorts, scholars' and commoners', must be worn in the town after hall, (evening dinner), in chapel and at lectures and tutorials. The only other compulsory form of attire is "sub-fuse," a very sober garb of black and white worn at university functions such as matriculation, "schools," (the final examinations), and graduation.

From the point of view of work, Oxford and "the other place"—known to some as Cam-

bridge—are unlike most other universities. Each undergraduate, at any rate in the arts faculties, studies only one subject in which he takes an honours degree at the end of three years. The other peculiarity is the tutorial system, which leaves the undergraduate much freer to pursue his own studies. Every student has his own tutor whom he visits by himself, or with one other person, for an hour once a week. At the end of this tutorial, the student is given an essay title and a list of about a dozen books on the subject, and then is left to fend for himself. By the next tutorial he must produce an essay, which he reads to his tutor, who discusses and criticizes it, and for the rest of the hour the talk ranges all round the subject. Lectures do exist in Oxford, but they are neither compulsory nor very important in the arts faculties. Each undergraduate, possibly with advice from his tutor, decides which courses he would like to attend during the term; he may set out with the firm resolve to attend four or five regularly each week, but the end of term is more likely to find him discussing the world and its inhabitants over coffee and cigarettes, than listening with rapt attention to the lecture. There are some very good lectures and most people attend one or two a week, but there is more than a grain of truth in the statement that “in Oxford, lectures are only designed to get the undergraduates out of their rooms in the mornings and enable them to see some of the fine college halls.”

The numerous clubs and societies dealing with politics, religion, music and literature, and on the more frivolous side, films, acting and other arts such as bell-ringing, are an integral part of the education Oxford provides. But they are to be found in every university so I will not enlarge on them. Sports, too, are much the same as elsewhere, though perhaps the river, the youthful Thames, with its attractions of rowing, punting and canoeing or merely sauntering along its banks, is a more unusual feature of university life. There are few things more pleasant than to lie in a punt on a hot summer day, and, as one is punted up stream, to watch the sky and shifting clouds through the tracery of willow leaves, and dream and talk the afternoon away.

And yet all this does not begin to convey a sense of the atmosphere that is Oxford. So I will end with a few visual impressions—grey medieval buildings set with green quadrangles and lawns; crowded bookshops and cafés; bicycles everywhere, with the gowns of their

riders flapping in the breeze; young men in sports jackets and corduroys with miles of scarf twisted round their necks, and everywhere talk and argument, bustle and activity. And behind it all and in spite of the movement, there is a sense of permanence and security and peace; a sense that the towers and spires of Oxford have already looked down on all this for hundreds of years and will continue to do so in the centuries to come.

C. M. B.



Christmas Parties

On December 20th, three Christmas parties took place at school. In the afternoon one was held for grades one to four, followed by one for grades five to seven, while the seniors later assembled in the gym for an evening of fun.

At the senior party, two films were very kindly shown by Miss Sharman, and then about six squares were formed and we danced until everyone was tired. After this strenuous form of entertainment, we gathered around the piano and sang carols, before we went down to the dining room, where refreshments were served. In conclusion I would like to say how happy everyone was to have Miss Turner in our midst once more.

JUNE KOBAR.



The Carol Service

In an Assembly Hall, beautifully lit by Christmas trees, we held our annual Carol Service again this year.

Archbishop Sherman spoke to us about his ideal Christmas card. This card—His Grace pointed out—should depict the Christ Child in the foreground. Youth and age, both having a service to render, should be represented by St. Stephen, the martyr, and St. John, the Evangelist, respectively, while the Holy Innocents should hover in the background. In response to the Archbishop's appeal, the girls have been trying to draw this Christmas card, but have been finding it extremely difficult.

The Bible readings by Archbishop Sherman, Miss Bartlett, June Kobar, Jocelyn Carey and Shelagh Morrison were appreciated, as were the delightful carols.

The Literary Society

<i>Honorary President</i>	Miss Bartlett
<i>President</i>	Miss Hawkes
<i>Vice-President</i>	Jocelyn Carey
<i>Secretary</i>	Cathy Young
<i>Treasurer</i>	Sally Dangerfield
<i>Social Conveners</i>	Johanne Wintemute Jane Gladstone

Although the members of the Literary Society didn't meet until the beginning of the Easter term, much has been accomplished in the past four meetings.

We started with a play-reading of "The Valiant," which was enjoyed by all. In February, four very interesting papers were given. Johanne Wintemute spoke on the life of the Brontë sisters; Jocelyn Carey on John Buchan; Claire McCallum on Joseph Haydn, and Barbara Thomas on George Gershwin. "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, was given as a play-reading in March. It was most enjoyable. The last meeting took the form of a debate, the proposition being, "Resolved that the end never justifies the means." We felt that we had gained something from the debate, even if we did get a little confused and involved at times. After an open discussion, members agreed that Ina Huehn and Beverley Aird had put forth the better arguments.

This year marked the beginning of Miss Hawkes' presidency of our Society, and we are all very grateful for the help she has given us this term. Meanwhile we are looking forward to the summer term's literary meetings, with keen anticipation.

CATHY YOUNG.



OUR VALENTINE PARTY

This year Grade Seven decided to have a Valentine party. On St. Valentine's day, after school, we all went skating on the college rink. What fun we had. Many of us fell numerous times. After an hour we came back to the common room, where we enjoyed hot dogs, cakes, cookies, popcorn and candy. Then we opened our Valentine box. After doing this, we played games, one of which was to throw paper hearts into a heart drawn on the floor. After the games we went home, all agreeing that we had had an afternoon of real fun.

SYLVIA PIERCE.

Grade VII.

Singing

Under the leadership of Mrs. Dennis, the singing has gone well again this year, and our two choirs which entered the Festival, brought honour to the school.

In November, the Senior Choir sang at the St. John's Commemoration Service, and later in the year, the whole school took part in the lovely singing at our own Carol Service. This service was most enjoyable, being led by the Archbishop.

Five of our girls played in the Festival this year, and all did very well. These five were Wendy Maclead, Janice Marks, Barbara Thomas, Joey Adamson and Sylvia Vandervlis. Outstanding among these was Joey Adamson, who did extremely well and of whom we are justly proud.

Two choirs entered the Festival, both doing well. The Middle School Choir, (Grades 7, 8 and 9), sang, "Here Amid the Shady Wood" and "Barley Break," for which pieces they received 74 and 83 respectively. The Senior Choir, (Grades 10, 11 and 12), received 80 and 77 for their rendering of, "It Was a Lover and His Lass" and, "I Know a Bank."

I know everyone has appreciated all the work Mrs. Dennis has done for us this year, so we would like to thank her once again.

JOCELYN CAREY.



Boarders' Parties

This year we had a senior and a junior party, and both turned out successfully.

On March 1st, grades three to seven hurried upstairs after four, put on their hats and coats, and were taken to a "Bud Abbott and Lou Costello" show at the Rialto. After the show we returned to school, and regardless of the fact that nothing was ready, the Boarders' Council did some quick thinking, and in a very short time, cakes and hot dogs were served in the common-room. We played games and listened to records until 8.30 p.m., when the party broke up.

The following evening, about 7.30 p.m., the seniors, clad in parkas, ski-pants and moccasins, made their way to Polo Park. Here we spent an exciting evening going up and down those breath-taking slides. At 10.30 p.m. we returned to school, where refreshments were served in the common-room. After dancing and listening to records, twelve very sleepy girls crowded up to bed after a very happy evening.

JUNE KOBAR.

NIAGARA FALLS

Four summers ago my parents and I drove to Niagara Falls, which is a city named after the great falls. These falls constitute one of the seven wonders of the world. They were first discovered by Father Hennepin in 1678. Not until 1842, however, were accurate surveys made by James Hall.

Goat Island divides the Niagara River in such a way as to make two falls. The smaller falls, (167 ft. in height), being on the American side, are called the American Falls. The Canadian Falls, although larger, are only 158 ft. high. The best view of both falls is from the Canadian side. At night the falls are lit up by search lights, and as the discs are changed, the beautiful colours are reflected in the water.

When, on the International Bridge, we looked through telescopes, the falls seemed very close. On the Canadian side, we went into a building and down an elevator. Donning rubber boots and raincoats, we then went through long tunnels, which were cut underneath the falls. We reached a window, (no glass in it, of course), and looking out, discovered that the water ran down our faces.

When we had taken off our rubber clothes, we went over to the American side. At one place people were throwing money over a fence, hoping that it would be carried down the falls. They watched in vain, however. We also saw a boat called, "Maid of the Mist," carrying passengers across the water which flowed down from the falls.

Not long ago a man crossed the River on a tight rope. He repeated his success, and the third time carried a man on his shoulders. Men have also gone down the falls in steel barrels, without injuring themselves.

Niagara Falls is not only a centre for tourists, but boasts the largest power plants in Canada. It is a most interesting place, and we enjoyed our visit.

CAROL NIXON,
Grade VII.

MY HOME

I live in Camsell Portage, Saskatchewan. I have lived here for three years and like it very much, although it is sometimes rather lonely. Camsell Portage is a Hudson's Bay trading outpost on Athabaska Lake. My father is the Hudson's Bay post manager, but he also looks after the mail.

The population consists mostly of half-breeds, some of whom are Cree Indians. There are about four "white" families. Nearly all the men are trappers, although some work in the mines outside Camsell. The trappers come in to Camsell at Christmas time, bringing their furs. The manager of the store buys the furs and the men are then able to purchase necessary supplies with the money they receive. There is only this one store in the village. It isn't very big but it stocks everything from a pencil to a stove.

It is very cold in Camsell during the Winter, being about 55 - 60° below zero. Certain foods cannot be stored as they either freeze or go rotten. Such are potatoes. It is much warmer in summer, however, and the temperature may rise to 90°.

In the winter we enjoy sleighing and skiing, and sometimes, when there isn't too much snow covering the ice, we go skating. Snow soon covers the ice again, however. In the Spring and Summer, we play other games, including baseball.

We get a mail delivery at Camsell every two weeks, and a boat arrives twice a year, bringing our supplies. The school is a little log cabin and there are about thirty pupils. The grades range from one to six, but there are only about three or four pupils in each grade. This year I came to board at Rupert's Land, Winnipeg, and having completed my sixth grade at Camsell, I entered Grade Seven. I like Rupert's Land very much, and I hope to come back next year.

LEE NICHOLS,
Grade VII.

Acknowledgements

Thanks are due to Mr. Harold White, our photographer, to our engraver, Mr. K. Stanford, of Rapid Grip and Batten, to all those who kindly offered advertisements for "The Eagle," and especially to The Wallingford Press Ltd., our printers.

Exchanges

Kelvin, Riverbend, Havergal, York House, Bishop Strachan, St. John's Tech.,
Ravenscourt, Isaac Newton, Gordon Bell, St. John's College.

A SUMMER STORM

It was a bright beautiful morning, with little wind, so dad and I thought it would be fine to take the canoe and outboard motor, to cross our eight mile lake. We were going to Snow Lake and would not be returning until evening, but since the weather looked so promising, we thought all would be well. Mother packed us a little lunch, and about nine o'clock, after saying goodbye to her, we pushed the canoe from the dock and started the motor.

It was lovely crossing the lake, there being just enough wind to make the water a little rough, so that the canoe bounced gently along. I sat in the bow, trailing my hand in the water and watching it spray up, forming tiny rainbows in the sun's rays. Have you ever half-closed your eyes and looked out over the water when the sun is shining on it? It produces a glistening shimmering effect, and this is the way the lake appeared on this particular morning. It took us about an hour to cross the lake, and at ten o'clock, having made fast the canoe, we continued our journey on foot to Snow Lake. By the time we arrived at our destination, I, of course, was very tired, but dad was still as fresh as when we started. We spent the day at Snow Lake, setting out for home about six o'clock. As we were walking back to the canoe, we could see dark clouds coming up behind us. They were still a long way off, however. At last we reached the canoe, and were relieved to find it still securely moored.

But by now the dark clouds were creeping closer, covering half the sky behind us. Dad thought we could reach home before the storm struck, and we would have done so, had our journey not been lengthened a good twenty minutes, by our taking two men across the bay. When we finally set off across the lake towards home, the sun no longer shone and no longer did the waves appear dancing and sparkling in its rays. Instead the wind had increased and the clouds appeared black and ominous, making the waters seem no longer friendly, but wicked and cruel. Although the water was choppy, it wasn't too bad, and it wasn't long before we were only a few miles from home.

Then the storm broke. The sky was black, the lake terribly rough, and the canoe a mere plaything tossed to and fro on the waves. I suddenly turned round and saw the wind sweeping across the water and slowly catching up with us. So furious was the wind that it lifted the water, forming tiny whirlwinds all

around us. Dad's face was tense with anxiety, but he continued to steer the canoe, which was now riding on top of the waves.

The waters swirled around us, and fear of being engulfed by the dark cold waves, sent shivers down my spine. At such a time as this, strange thoughts sweep through one's mind. I sat very still. On looking up, however, I found we were nearing home, and could distinguish mother waiting anxiously on the shore. As we drew nearer, I could distinguish other people on the shore. At last we turned into our bay, where the waters were calmer, and as I climbed out of the canoe onto dry land, I felt that I had never more deeply appreciated this solid earth of ours, on which my home stood.

JUNE KOBAR,

Grade XII.



YEAR BOOK FUNDS

Last term all forms contributed to a Year Book Fund, and it was a pleasure to see how each form did its share loyally and cheerfully, without any undue urging. We collected, in all, the creditable sum of \$93.82. We hope to continue our efforts this term and to raise the remaining \$54 to cover the deficit. Meanwhile, thank you all very much.

Z. HAWKES.



First Place—Scenery
HONOR BONNYCASTLE

Photography Competition



Second Place—Scenery
DORIS TUCKER



Third Place—Scenery
JANICE NIXON



Second Place—Animal
DORIS TUCKER



First Place—Animal
ALICE ELLIOT



Third Place—Animal
DORIS TUCKER



College is out.
The four b's.
Oh! Excuse us.
Age before beauty.
Trapped!
Book worms.

Grade XII study period.
Nix! the cops.
Alta Perens.
Hungry?
Boarders again.
You'll catch cold.

Recess !! ?
Surprise!
Two lovely poses.
Out of bounds!
Wow ! !
So you need a sign!

Look out, here she comes!
Doris and Janet.
Who's this guy, Darwin?
Overloaded.
Still waiting.

SITTING PRETTY

All was quiet as it was Saturday afternoon. I was just settling down to do my homework, when the telephone gave a sharp ring. It was a neighbour, who asked Mother if I would come to sit with her two very well-behaved children, a girl, (seven years old), and a boy, (three years old). I had been to sit with these children before, but on this occasion the darlings had been asleep. As the neighbour had to meet some friends at the station, Mother promised that I would go. With many misgivings, I set out, hoping for the best.

When I arrived, the two children were working quietly. Our neighbour, hurriedly giving me last minute instructions concerning the children and their lunch, made a swift departure.

The children were soon ready for their lunch, but when I suggested that they first wash their grubby hands, I was greeted with a loud and decided, "No." They protested that they had already washed them, and no amount of persuasion availed. The lunch proceeded happily, until, to my horror, the little dears decided to throw their crusts around. Before I could protest, the air was filled with flying crusts. They soon tired of this, but my hopes of peace were short-lived.

Pistols were produced, and I provided a convenient target. For a while, all that could be heard was yelling, shrieking and the cracking of pistols. It was more than I could bear. I wrenched the pistols from the children, at which the boy began to howl miserably.

By this time my head was throbbing viciously. The girl decided to dance and "play" for my amusement. The "playing" consisted of thumps on the keyboard, producing the most ghastly sounds. The boy meanwhile had been rolling a stool in the living-room, and I felt sure that something would be broken. At this point, a peculiar noise issuing from the radiator, apparently indicated that the lady below had endured as much noise as she could bear.

I was ready to faint from exhaustion. At this movement, however, to my infinite relief, their Mother arrived home. The first thing she asked was whether the children had been good. I quickly assured her on this point, saying that they had been angelic. She gratefully slid some money into my hand, and I swiftly made my escape, confidently avowing that there would be no more "sitting pretty" for me.

GLEN MURRAY,
Grade VIII.

CAKE MAKING
(The Successful Way)

Cake making is an art in which few people excel, and I am not one of the talented few. I have my own ideas, however, and having heard and read many hints on cooking and baking which have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations, I have come to feel that my way of making a cake is a very special one. I am therefore going to pass the secret on to you, and if you follow the directions carefully, the cake, while suffering some possible mishaps, will eventually turn out quite successfully.

First of all you must get everything ready on the table. The recipe tells you to cream the shortening and butter. How much cream should you add — one, two or three teaspoonsful? Decide on one, and mix the ingredients together. Then add flour, (just a pinch), and baking powder, (three cups). The baking powder must be packed solidly and must on no account be sifted. The recipe then calls for two eggs to be separated. This is easy. Put one in the sink and the other, (complete with shell), into the butter. Add some vanilla to taste. If after adding three teaspoonsful, the right flavour is not produced, add the rest of the bottle. The recipe says that the cake should be in the oven for half an hour. If, after half an hour has elapsed, you find that the cake is not quite done, then you must conclude that the recipe must have meant one and a half hours. The cake, when taken from the oven, should be a lovely pitch black. A lump in the middle might indicate the vanilla bottle, accidentally dropped therein. Ah well — minor detail!

You cannot possibly go wrong if you follow these directions, and your cake could not possibly be flat, (one vanilla bottle and three cups of baking powder). So I suggest that you go home and try it at once.

SYLVIA VANDERVLIS,
Grade X.



Baking a Cake

CHRISTINE L. WATKINS



TEACHERS—GROUP 2

Left to right—Miss Edwards, Mrs. Coulter, Miss Smith, Mrs. Wright, Miss Newton, Miss Inglis, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. McKenzie, Miss Lucas, Miss McMillan.

A CANOE TRIP

We left camp at noon on the 18th of July. It was a glorious day, with the sun beating down from a pale blue sky dotted with white fluffy clouds. We threw our bedrolls in the truck, climbed in on top of them, and started off amid shouts and goodbyes, on the first leg of a six day canoe trip.

It was twenty-five miles to Round Lake where we were to begin our trip, over dusty, bumpy roads, but we sang and talked and soon we were there. As soon as we were out of the truck, Molly, (my best pal), and I, raced down to the shore and launched the three canoes, while the other five campers and two counsellors, followed with the bed rolls and food packs. These were securely packed in the canoes, and then seating ourselves, three to a canoe, we pushed off and shouted goodbye to Hal, (the truck driver).

The lake was just like glass, so we fairly flew over the water. At the end of an hour we had crossed the lake, (about three miles), and entered a shallow, winding river called the Amableau du Fond. This river, (a more appro-

priate name being stream), was five miles long, two to three feet deep, and consisted of a never-ending series of twists and turns, never more than a few canoe-lengths, long. It seems to me we pushed more than paddled, but we finally "made it" to the end, and with a sigh of relief, we prepared to paddle across Tea Lake. But we were sadly disillusioned, for, rounding the last turn, we were confronted by a quarter mile portage to Tea Lake.

Slowly we unloaded the canoes, hoisted them to our shoulders and began the long uphill walk. Once at the end of the treacherous portage, we put the canoes in the water and started back to bring the bedrolls over. This accomplished, we again loaded the canoes and set out for the forest ranger's cabin to report our arrival, as we had now entered Algonquin Park. He, we were informed by the caretaker, was away on vacation, but we were asked to go in anyway. We did, and much enjoyed the cool glasses of water he gave us; our first since we had left camp four hours earlier. Then we paddled on to a cabin about half-way down the lake, where we were to spend the night. As

it was only about five when we got there, Molly and I decided to go exploring. We took a canoe and paddled over to a small island, where we spent the next two hours, soaking up the sun and eating marshmallows. As all the lakes in the Park were deserted, except for a few fishermen, we were completely alone, surrounded by clear, blue water and huge, green trees, rising from the water's edge. It was beautiful. But all too soon we had to return to the cabin, where we spent an hilarious evening, cooking dinner and scrubbing pots. This was ended by a fast "skinny" and bed.

The next day we crossed the rest of Tea Lake, made a short portage, (300 yards), and entered Lake Manitou. It was a gorgeous day and the lake was calm, so we took our time. By this time everybody, (excluding me), was quite nicely burnt. They were all huddled in shirts, so that I was the only one who really enjoyed the sun. We spent the whole day crossing the lake, (12 miles), and once a little fawn came and stood, silhouetted against the sky, on the top of a low cliff, and gazed down at us as we passed. It was a beautiful day and everybody was rather quiet, as they took in the simple beauty of this lonely lake.

Toward dinner time, we reached Pine Point, our home for the next two days. This point was covered with tall pine trees and was formed like a cliff, twenty to thirty feet above the water. The ground was covered with pine needles and on these we spread our bedrolls.

The next two days passed so quickly, I hardly seem to remember them, and yet they are days I shall never forget. Sleeping under the stars, swimming far out into the lake, and cooking funny meals; these are the things I remember best. The first day, however, we spent exploring an old, abandoned, run-down ranch, and the surrounding countryside, while the next day we spent lying in the sun and generally being lazy. That night, however, it rained, and we spent the remainder of the night in the screened-in porch of a nearby, deserted cottage. By morning the rain had stopped and the wind had set in instead.

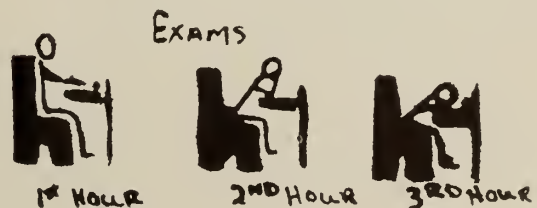
We all knew we had to start for the cabin on Tea Lake that morning, but we were all a little scared. Nevertheless, we loaded the canoes and started out. The waves were two to three feet high, and as the canoes were all slightly bow-heavy, they were filled with water before we had gone fifty feet. Turning back,

we dumped the canoes, reloaded them and started out again. The next two hours were a nightmare, in which we all prayed, for when two of the canoes finally got to shore, we saw we had only made 400 yards. The other canoe was nowhere to be seen, as it had got separated from us, but we finally located it and followed it with our eyes, to a safe landing on an island. For five hours we sat, on a few rocks and waited for the wind to die, and when, at six o'clock, we saw it wasn't going to, we set out again. I thought my arms would break from paddling, before the other canoe joined us and we rounded a point to calmer water. We reached the portage about ten o'clock and crossed it in the pitch dark. Then we paddled half-way down Tea Lake to the cabin, arriving about midnight. Dinner was prepared and everybody ate greedily, as the lunch had been under water in the canoes, and we had had breakfast at nine. Thirteen hours is a long time to go without food.

It was twelve o'clock when somebody woke up the next day, and we were to meet the truck at two. We ate breakfast and set out about one, dropping in to say "hello" to the forest ranger and his family. We crossed the quarter mile portage in record time and set out down the Amableau du Fond. We kept guessing how many turns it would be until we got to the lake, but nobody ever guessed rightly. We did, however, reach and cross Round Lake, arriving at the landing about five p.m. Hal was fuming!

We got into the truck and tried to eat our lunch, but every time I tried to pour the tomato juice, Hal would hit a bump and somebody would get covered with it. At last we reached camp, and were engulfed by a swarm of people saying, "Did you have a good time?" and, "Tell me all about it," and we would start to relate the details of the trip over again. It was a wonderful feeling, and we knew we would never forget our six day's canoe trip in Algonquin Park.

SHELAGH MORRISON,
Grade XI.



HYPERBOLE

I wish I was,
I wish I weren't,
I wish that I were better learnt.

Each day I plod,
Each day I strive,
Each day I toil till after five.

I rush right home
And to my room,
I clasp my books and hail my doom.

I learn my French,
I learn my Greek,
I learn "this stuff" week after week.

What profit here
Or what the gain
When they are driving me insane?

For life's too bright,
For life's too gay,
For life's too short to throw away.

I wish I was,
I wish I weren't,
But shall I e'er be better learnt?

PAMELA GARTON,
Grade XI.



BRINGING UP FATHER

Look in any comic strip and you'll probably see a joke about fathers and how pliable they seem to be. Their wives and children are always "outsmarting" them. Poor dad is always the victim of a prank. When daughter wants a new dress or coat, she can usually "talk dad into it." How easy it all appears. If only fathers were really like that! Not that I have anything against them, mind you, but at times fathers do have queer ideas on how to bring up their children.

This is not, however, an article on our fathers' queer ideas, or one on how they should bring up their children. It is concerned only with the different types of fathers, and how to deal with them.

One of the best known types is the "helpful" father. He loves to find things around the house to 'fix.' On a Sunday afternoon, when the dishes are done and the house is clean, father discovers that there is something wrong with the toaster. Out come plugs, nails, hammers and other tools, and father proceeds with his job. Some time later, he announces that the toaster has been mended. When Mother re-enters her kitchen, what does she find, but all

father's tools strewn about the room! Yes, the toaster has survived, but alas for mother's kitchen! With this type of father there is only one thing to do. Fit him up a spare room, give him some tools and a few odd mechanical devices, (ones that have just about 'had their day'), and let him "fix" them to his heart's content!

Another common type of father is the "lecturer." It's a lovely Sunday afternoon, and father will manoeuvre daughter into a corner and begin! If you're lucky, the ordeal may be over in ten minutes or so, but there is the long-winded type. Such may go on for an hour or more. You can't do much with this type, but if you have a tape recorder, try making a record of father's lecture and play it back to him. Maybe he'll take the hint!

The father who cooks is not such a common type. His habits are just as undesirable, however. This type of father, upon rising, announces to the distress of the family, that he will endeavour to prepare a delicious breakfast of pancakes. If we ignore a variety of pans and an untidy kitchen, we may later rejoice in the work of art with which father presents the family. The pancakes are, (in father's opinion), probably very good, but the annoying part is to follow. After breakfast, father, pleased with himself, settles down to read the paper, leaving the dishes for everyone else! Such a father should be left at home for a month, while the rest of the family take a holiday.

These are but a few of the many types of fathers. Even with all their faults, fathers really are wonderful people, and we couldn't do without them, but oh, what we could do with them!

KATHERINE VLASSIE,
Grade X.



BRINGING UP FATHER.

W.S.



KINDERGARTEN

BACK ROW (left to right)—John Dangerfield, Don Larson, Rickey Anderson, Bruce Lorimer, Peter Dillingham, Brian Wood.

SECOND ROW—Kathleen Froom, Anne McGill, Roberta Genser, Islay May Robinson, Diane McNaughton, Brenda Le Beau.

THIRD ROW—Hilary Green, Janice Pinfold, Cita Roblin, Peggy Bevan, Seonaid Christopherson, Barbara Alexander, Carol Nitikman.

MISSING FROM PICTURE—Holly Williams, Robert Gourley, Barry Russell, Barclay Ryder, Anthony Robinson, Joan Stewart, Mary Gillespie.

GRADES 1 AND 2

BACK ROW (left to right)—Merry McConnachie, Ronald Miles, Joyce Wallace, Elaine Papineau, Lynn Funnell.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Beverley Sigurdson, Patricia Ryan, Marcia Diamond, Gayle Northcott, Noreen Vinet.

ABSENT—Carol Barber, Ann Connacher, Elizabeth Robinson.





GRADES 3 AND 4

BACK ROW (left to right)—Carol Wallace, Sheila Mitchell, Lynda Paddon, Judy Bonnycastle, Roberta Sheps, Patsy Hobbs, Wendy Playford.
 FRONT ROW (left to right)—Rosemary Lynde, Mary Hodder, Gail Allman, Alyson Thomas, Margaret Neal, Faith Wilson, Sandra Dick.
 ABSENT—Betty Dawson.

GRADES 5 AND 6

BACK ROW (left to right)—Joanne Protheroe, Doreen Anderson, Christine Watkins, Lynne Cousens, Arlene Phillips, Barbara Fowler, Norma Dell Cameron, Beverley Haigh.
 FRONT ROW (left to right)—Michael Easton, Jane Savage, Patricia Busby, Carol Cross, Arlene McEwing, Dorothy Richardson, Jill Kilgour.
 ABSENT—Marina Dick.



THE JOYS OF TRAVELLING

"Jingle bells, jingle bells," we groaned happily from under a pile of luggage over which we peered warily. What a wonderful feeling it was to be going home for Christmas! Hazel and I had been looking forward to this occasion for three and a half months, and now that the time had at last come, we were feeling very excited. The only item that marred our serene happiness, was the thought of sharing a lower berth. As we were both "slightly" overweight, it promised to be a tight squeeze!

At last we reached the train, struggling under the weight of our numerous pieces of baggage, as we couldn't afford a redcap. They all looked down their noses at us along the way, but we managed to keep a straight face under our luggage. The berths were made up, so we proceeded to get ready for bed. After settling down, we examined our fractured elbows and cracked skulls, (received as a result of the tight squeeze), deciding that our injuries would heal by morning.

The train was to arrive in Regina at seven o'clock in the morning, and as we wanted to feel bright and fresh when we arrived, we decided to go to sleep at once. For a few minutes there was dead silence and then—rattle, rattle, rattle! At first we took no notice of it, but as the train went faster, the rattling grew louder until it nearly drove us crazy. The rattling came from the berth above us and we were so afraid it would fall down, that we slept all night propping it up — a most uncomfortable position! We finally managed to go to sleep, however.

"What time is it?" I whispered. The only answer being a groan, I pounded Hazel till she woke up. Thinking we were at least nearing Regina, she nearly had a fit. Quickly she pulled out her travelling clock, and then groaned, "Ten to three-e." My apology was adequately answered by the crash of the unfortunate clock over my head. Try as we would, we could not sleep again, so giving up in despair, we dressed and went and sat in the rest room.

Weary of this, we returned to our berth at 4 a.m., to try to catch another hour of sleep. This time we nearly overslept, being rudely awakened at 6.30 a.m. by a hoarse nasal voice screaming, "First call to breakfast, first call to breakfast!" Our clothes were all creased and crumpled, but we didn't mind, for in another half an hour we would have a mother to iron them! The berths were quickly taken apart and we sat and gazed out of the windows,

(which were covered with frost), at the beautiful scenery, (barren wastes hidden by clouds of black smoke from the engine).

Then people began putting on their coats, while the porter busied himself with the luggage. We knew we were there and began to collect our belongings. I leaned over to pick my bandana from the window sill, (where it had served the useful purpose of protecting my sweater from the dirt, while I had been blankly gazing out of the window), but discovered that it had been frozen there. When we finally succeeded in wrenching it from the sill, it was in shreds!

The stampede for the door began, and I, carrying a suitcase, hatbox, parka, skates, badminton racquet, box of chocolates and bag of oranges, was practically crushed. How we reached the platform will always remain a mystery, but in a few minutes we were there. At every third step or so, a fat orange rolled from the torn bag which sat triumphantly on the top of my luggage — until there was a line of people a mile long behind us, picking up oranges and saying, "Excuse me, but did you drop something?"

In a few minutes my baggage was willingly transferred to the arms of my brothers who had nobly sacrificed their morning sleep to perform the painful duty of coming to meet their "kid sister." Our mothers and fathers were thrilled to see their "darling daughters" once more, and soon we were in the car, speeding, (my brother was driving), homeward to a nice hot meal and a holiday that promised to be full of fun!

WENDY SMITH,
Grade X.



ODE TO MISS HAWKES

Miss Hawkes, who hast each day to fill the
minds

Of thy devoted pupils with sweet knowledge,
Who, like a leaf before the swirling winds,
Dost rush into the room with books in arm,
Wilt thou but lend an ear to our sad cries
Of "Mercy!" ? . . . Pity hath a charm,
And would that thou couldst have a mite of pity
On us, oh thou who thinkest week-ends made
For homework only, when we'd fain be skiing.

JOHANNE WINTEMUTE,
SALLY DANGERFIELD,
Grade X.

ON WRITING AN ESSAY

Writing has been described as a movement of the hand, but the term, writing an essay, means putting down words in a logical order, to express a thought or thoughts.

With this noble ideal in mind, I sat down on Thursday night at 8 o'clock — dinner finished, dishes washed, runners cleaned, and homework not even started, because, you see, I had to write an essay for the School Year Book. After sitting, staring blankly into space for about five minutes, I reflected that a good supply of pencils and paper might stimulate the brain. Three sharpened pencils, two filled pens, three blotters, (in case of accident), and three sheets of neatly margined paper, I later set to work again, but still with no response from my reluctant brain.

It has been said, however, that a little outside help often gives you that added "push," so nothing daunted, I went to the family. The choice of topics suggested was admirable, but somehow not quite appropriate. They ran as follows:— "People Are Troublesome," "When I was a Cloud" and, "From the Point of View of a Peppermint." What a help an outside influence can be!

Well — at last I decided on the theme of the essay. I would write on how schools might be improved by the omission of classes. After this important decision, I felt I needed a change of scene, so I naturally betook myself to the kitchen, where a salmon sandwich leapt up at me and slid down my throat with lightning rapidity. Its food value doubtless helped my brain. On leaving the kitchen, serious doubts beset me. Would my essay be too daring, too revolutionary — with such a thrilling theme as I had chosen? The next few minutes were spent wrestling with this new problem, after which I dragged my wasted body upstairs, my mind weary and overwrought. My essay was not even started, but I comforted myself with the thought that my best inspiration always came in the early morning.

JOCELYN CAREY,
Grade XI.



A SUMMER STORM

One Summer three of us went sailing, as we had borrowed a very old racing boat. For a while there was very little wind, but a queer arch of cloud soon appeared in the west. Then the wind suddenly began to blow in very strong gusts and the sky became dark. My brother, realizing that the storm was going to be a bad

one, steered the boat into the lee side of a nearby island.

We took down the sails, got out, and fastened the boat securely. The storm broke: the rain poured down heavily; the wind blew stronger and stronger; the big black waves were white-capped, and it began to hail. We improvised a tent out of one sail, and stayed under it on shore. I had never experienced such a storm. It lasted for at least an hour. Then it died down and the wind changed to north.

Daddy and another man were out looking for us. They went miles and miles expecting to find an upset sailboat. Soon they returned to the dock, however, and were told that we were safe and sound, and had only been a short distance away during the duration of the storm. We were lucky!

JANE SAVAGE,
Grade VI.

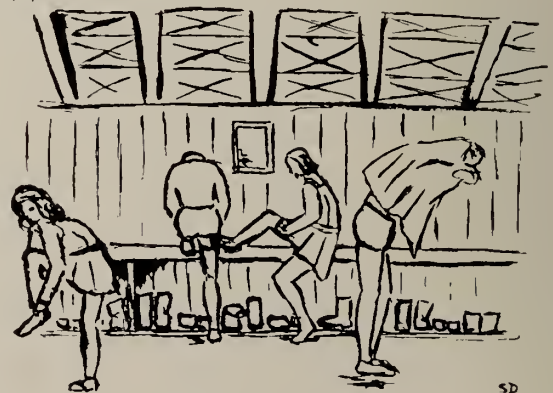


THE DIVER

Poised
With lifted arms she stood—
Her body rigid—yet supple—
Straight.
Her head held proudly high,
Yet glancing down at times — certain—
Sure
Of just one thing — that there
Below, the blue-green swells, sun-flecked—
Held
Promise of cool refreshing waves—
And so with sure untold serenity,
And arms upraised to shoulder height—swiftly
She dived.

JANET CARMAN,
Grade X.

WHAT A LIFE





GRADE 7

BACK ROW (left to right)—Gladys Ward, Elaine Protheroe, Pat Benham, Carolyn McCulloch, Wendy Macleod, Honor Bonnycastle, Suzanne Flood.

MIDDLE ROW (left to right)—Lee Nichols, Elaine Castle, Ann Dillingham, Margaret Wilkinson, Eirene Landon, Carol Nixon, Sylvia Pierce.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Sally Dagg, Pitsy Perrin, Joan Anderson.

GRADE 8

BACK ROW (left to right)—Shelagh Donegani, Penny Clark, Judy Hanson, Georgina Bartlett, Ann Carroll.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Glen Murray, Janice Marks, Joan Davidson.





GRADE 9

BACK ROW (left to right)—Agnes Mowat, Cathy Young, Judy Carr.

THIRD ROW (left to right)—Janice McVey, Lorna Craig, Judy Patton, Mary Lane Ward, Bertie Clancy, Ina Huehn, Teresa Thain, Daphne Hanson.

SECOND ROW (left to right)—Frances Macfarland, Diana Nanton, Joey Adamson, Beverly Aird, Joan Adams.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Sheila Kaplan, Claire McCallum, Ruth Gonick, Barbara Thomas, Jane Gladstone.

GRADE 10

BACK ROW (left to right)—Janet Carman, Johanne Wintemute, Ruth Kleiman, Donna Smith, Sylvia Vandervlis, Katharine Wood.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Wendy Smith, Ada Rice, Doris Tucker, Sally Dangerfield, June Trowell.



Short Story Competition

We were not able to hold a poetry competition this year as there was but one entry. (Where is our budding poet?). There were a number of entries for the short story competition, however, and Miss Anne Cunningham became once more our kind and helpful adjudicator. We do thank her sincerely for her continued interest in our literary efforts.



A SAILOR'S YARN

(First Prize, Senior Short Story)

On the main dock of New Carle Isle, Quebec, sat old Christopher, his aged sea legs dangling over the quiet waters of the bay. The clang of his rustic hammer forcing the bent nails into the wood was only too familiar. Everyone loved to hear the old sailor's tales of the rugged sea life and anyone coming in contact with him went away feeling good, and kind himself.

A young boy walked along the wharf and caught sight of Chris. Although he had never talked with the old man, he loved him with all his heart and longed to speak to him. So he shyly sat down beside the beloved sailor.

"'Lo Chris," he said awkwardly.

"Hi there sonny; what you doin' out o' school?"

"Today's Saturday," the boy said soberly.

"By Jimminy, you're right. I can't even keep track o' the days in m' old age," laughed the bearded sailor.

"Gee, I've never talked to a real sailor before Chris," whispered the boy as he reached out and touched the man's coat sleeve. "You just don't seem real."

"Ha, ha, ha." Chris' laugh rang out over the water. "That's not what the people 'round these parts think. Why I prattle on so much 'bout my sea-life it right near drives 'em crazy."

"You know that isn't true," the boy said. "Everybody loves you Chris, and your stories too."

"Thank ye son, it's nice to hear that," he smiled.

"Chris," the boy said quizzically. "Do you have a mother or a father?"

"No son," said the other seriously, "I haven't had none since I was about your age, around

nine. My pa was killed in a sword fight and my ma . . . my ma threw herself off a horse into a ditch to join my pa."

"Oh," said the boy awed, "I haven't got any mother or father either. Only they were killed in a ship wreck. I don't remember them very well cuz I was only four when they died. But I do remember being awful scared when I was taken to a great big house where lots of other little children lived. They call it an . . . an orphanage . . . Chris what happened to you after your parents died? Did . . . did you have to go to an orphanage . . . just like me?"

"Well son," he began agreeably happy, "that's one o' m' yarns, though a mighty true one . . . mighty true . . . After my parents died I was sent to an orphanage just like you, and no matter how you look at it son, a' orphanage is the best place for children who have no one to love them. Now all my life I'd bin near the sea and never cared much for it. But boy I missed it when I went to that orphanage 'way inland. I was terrible lonely there son though I had everything a boy'd want, lots of friends and "things." At first I thought it was just not having Ma and Pa around. Then I began to wonder. T'wasn't only that, but by Jimminy if I didn't miss the sea too—so much so that I decided to run away and get a ship of my own and sail far 'way, where's no one could find me. So I ran away son, I ran an' ran, an' ran. I only had with me a few bits of clothing and a little saving money.

I arrived at the dock at Three Rivers, that's where I lived, and I saw a sight that sure dazzed m' young eyes. Son, I saw a ship, a big, beautiful ship. Her sails were awavin' in the wind against the sun and blue sky: and the water lapped against her white sides. I ventured a little closer. From where I stood, I could see her steerin' wheel and what a beauty! Son I was spell bound. I just had to get on that ship.

So I sneaked behind some packing boxes and thought. I began peeking in the boxes that weren't padlocked. I jumped in one and closed the lid. There was a piece of thin rope hanging from the top. I was feeling it there in the dark of the box, when suddenly I felt the box being knocked around. I hung onto the rope with everything m' small hands had.

T'was 'bout a' hour later when I felt as if I was moving again. All the noise and hubbub

on the dock had ceased. Everything was quiet. I slowly lifted the lid and looked out. Son, I was on that ship! As luck had it I'd been carted on board along with the other boxes. I crept out of the box and took a look around. I began to feel kind of scared and m' tummy was full of butterflies.

On one side of the small dark room I found a lot of big sort of bumps that are known as portholes. I pushed one at an angle and it slid open. I peeped out. I could see the deck, the sea, the sky, almost everything. I could hear voices too, not plainly, but I could hear 'em. I sat down to take all the day's happenings in, and somehow I fell asleep.

It was sometime later when I was awakened by a terrible rocking. I got up and shook my head and I suddenly realized where I was. I looked out the porthole again. The ship was bouncing up . . . and down . . . up . . . and . . . down. The sky wasn't blue no more; it was a nasty and dirty shade of dark grey. I began to feel funny, so I sat down. I didn't look where I was sittin' and I missed m' perch. All the boxes tumbled over as I tried to regain my balance. Boy they made some racket! The whole crew, I thought, had heard. Maybe not the whole crew but one of 'em had. I was just getting myself together again, when the door of the store-room opened: a young sailor approached me terrifying me almost to my grave. The sailor's angry frown turned to a grin.

"Well," he said, "we have a young friend aboard. And just what are you doing here?"

I was too scared to answer, so I just gulped.

"A stowaway huh? You know what happens to stowaways?" I shook my head, not able to do anything else.

"Well, they have to see the captain, and Capt. Wilson's no angel. They have to scrub the decks and the whole ship and work in the galley . . . and plenty of jobs to keep a fellow busy." "And," he added, "We're headin' this cargo to the Baffin Islands, which is beyond Hudson Bay and we've just got past the St. Lawrence River and the Gulf."

Then son, if I didn't start to cry. Them tears of mine tasted saltier than the ocean we was headin' for. My cryin' must've weakened the sailor's heart, for sudden like he was there by m' side pattin' m' shoulder. Well son, I told 'im m' story. He was kind of mad but he said he'd care for me. We became close friends. I learned he was the Captain's first

mate and had been with 'im for many years, young as he was. He brought food to me and he'd talk to me about the sea in his spare time.

We had many a bad storm going through the Straite of Belle Isle and Davis Straite. Around the Hudson Straite we had a mite of trouble getting through them icebergs, and avoiding the seals and blowing whales. The last part of the journey took us through the Fox Channel to the Baffin Islands. It had taken us a month and five days to come all that way.

When everything was being unloaded, once more I climbed into my box and was shipped off. On the dock I waited, and then clambered on again. I looked around feeling very cold indeed. I loved that ship, son, and I never wanted to leave her.

The kind sailor whose name was Dunc, had an idea. He took me to Capt. Wilson after we'd docked a few days, and told him I wanted to join the crew. The Captain looked me over and roared I was too young. Well sir, I was a pretty strong lad and after Dunc told him about me being an orphan, he said he'd take me on as a galley-boy.

We left the Islands a week later and returned along the way we had come except for one change. We weren't returning to three Rivers, but to New Carle Isle. On the returning journey I worked hard. The sailors taught me the sixteen knots, splicing rope, and told me some wild sea tales that made m' hair curl. The Captain let me sign Articles which made me very proud. Returning through the Straite of Belle Isle, I was put on bosman's watch. We docked here after a return voyage of thirty days.

I stayed with that ship, the *Gaspesia* for many years son, until she was condemned. But the sea was in my blood and bones, so I joined another ship and others after that. In fact I sailed with fourteen altogether. Why son, I sailed the seven seas: visited every port of any account in the world: fought pirates in the China Seas, natives of the Amazon River, and Canaballs in the South Seas. Our crew even sailed down under to the edge of the Antarctic Ice. We chased whales and hunted walrus and seals. Often we were near ship-wrecked and hurricanes carried away our sails many a time. Twice we were dismayed: several times we were forced to abandon ship and once we were adrift in an open boat for twelve days before being rescued. Son, we had other adventures which are stories in themselves. One of the

worst was rounding Cape Horn, which took us fifteen days. I might go on telling ya of all I've seen an' heard but it might tire ya. But there's one thing sure, just as sure as you're sittin' there son, Davy Jones'll never get me. I often think with sorrow of my many sailing mates who have made their last voyage and some day soon, it'll be my turn to join them."

"Oh Chris!" whispered the boy, "Oh Chris! Could I . . . could I ever sail on a ship; I mean with the crew? I'd love to Chris. Maybe I could have adventures like yours. Will you tell me some more stories now Chris, before I have to go back to the . . ." The youngster cut himself short. Then he continued excitedly. "Maybe . . . maybe I could run away just like you Chris. Oh Chris I will . . . I will. I'd be a good boy. Oh I want to so badly. Couldn't I Chris . . . couldn't I, please?" The little face looked up into the other's, eagerness flaming in his young eyes. He waited expectantly for the reply. He was bitterly disappointed when Chris answered:

"Son, you wait till you grow a bit more afore you try joinin' any ship. Nowadays they won't let ya on board as a crew-member if ya isn't of age. God knows what's best for you young-uns. We've been communicatin' for years now and we know. You just tell Him what you want, and I'll bet you m' old sea boots He'll do His best. Why I guarantee if you pray hard enough you'll get on a ship's crew real soon. I say that son because I know if you want somethin' bad enough, and you work and pray hard for it, you'll get it. Just keep tryin' son and you'll reach the peak: the goal that counts the most."

The lad's face had brightened considerably as Chris's advice beat against his young heart.

"I will Chris," he said eagerly as he stood to go. "I will pray and work hard. I really will, I will . . . I will."

Old Chris watched him go and when he was out of sight, he smiled and turned once more to his hammer.

'Clang! . . . Clang! . . . Clang!'

DONNA SMITH,
Grade X.

(A well-managed character study, with narrative charm and good handling of dialogue. The characteristic roughness of the sailor's speech is allowed to lapse in places, but the story as a whole is convincing and well organized).

"THE DRESDEN DOLL"

(First Prize, Junior Short Story)

Marilyn Curtis awoke with the sunlight streaming in through the venetian blinds, onto her face. She glanced sleepily around the room, and her eyes fell on the chair by the window. On its bright chintz cover lay her pink toe shoes. Marilyn swung herself out of bed, and pattered over to the chair, where she slipped her feet into the narrow satin slippers, and tried a few pirouettes on the floor.

"Marilyn, hurry up dear. You haven't much time."

That was her mother's voice.

"And stop that confounded bouncing. You'll have all the plaster off the living room ceiling before you know it."

That was her father! He sounded angry, but he was secretly proud of his slim graceful daughter.

Today was her big day. This was Saturday, June 29. It sounded just like any other day, but for Marilyn it was about the most important day of her life. She was to try for a part in the ballet, which was to be held in September. Ever since she was seven, Marilyn had been waiting for her chance to prove to Mme. Fairé that she could interpret ballet, but every time she had submitted her name for a part in, "The Toyshop" she had been rejected with the comment:

"You have not had enough experience, my dear."

How could she get experience if they never gave her a chance?

But today it was different. At eleven o'clock she and three other girls were to try for the part of the Dresden Doll, one of the four small parts allotted to young students in Mme. Fairé's school every year.

"For the last time, Marilyn, you'll never get the part if you don't arrive at the try-outs. Hurry up."

Marilyn eased herself out of her pyjamas and into her clothes, in a sort of daze. She picked up her slippers and ran downstairs.

When she arrived at the table, her father was looking at his watch and drumming his fingers on the table.

"Now look, young lady. It has been twenty-seven minutes since we heard that first thud, and it is twenty past ten. If you expect me to drive you, you will have to dress quickly and learn to scurry a little. Unless you are ready by the time I have the car out front, you'll have to go by the subway!"

With this, Mr. Curtis got up and began to hunt for his car keys. Marilyn had helped herself to some orange juice and some toast, when her father honked out front. She waved good-bye to her mother and stopped to pat the dog as she breezed out of the door. As she left, her mother said:

"Good luck, darling, but don't be too disappointed if you don't make it. It isn't the only chance you'll ever have."

As Marilyn climbed into the car, her father was muttering:

"All this excitement about one little dance. Never could understand these women."

Marilyn laughed. "I don't suppose you could, Daddy. Were you ever thirteen?"

"Once, a long time ago, I suppose. Why?"

"Did you ever want something more than anything else in the world?"

"Come to think of it, I did. It was a huge kite, all red and white with a tail three yards long!"

"Well, I want to be the Dresden Doll just as much as you wanted that kite — only more. But here we are. Bye now! See you at dinner."

Marilyn hopped out onto the pavement, and joined a group of girls who were going into the building where Mme. Fairé's studios were located. They went up the elevator, and made their way down the long corridor in the changing room. There, on the board, was the notice, plain as day.

"Try-outs in studio 1. Marilyn Curtis, Sylvia Brown, Aileen Parks and Susan Matthews."

Marilyn glanced at her watch. It was twenty-five to eleven. She slipped out of her skirt and sweater, and into her tights and dancing dress. She wasn't really frightened, but her heart was pounding alarmingly hard, and her knees felt weak. Suddenly Mme. Fairé's voice came over the loud speaker system.

"Will the young ladies who are trying-out for the Dresden Doll part, please come to studio one immediately?"

Marilyn stood up, and, in company with the other hopefuls, went down the hall to studio one.

The directors were there when the girls entered, and they sat down when Mme. Fairé came in. She began to speak.

"I hope you girls realize that this part requires a certain amount of ability. But along with this it needs a great deal of feeling. The doll is jealous because a rag doll is chosen rather than her, by a little girl. She 'takes it out of' the tiny china dolls, and in the end she

falls off the toyshelf and is shattered to pieces. You must be able to work up a feeling of hatred toward the rag doll, and in the end you must be able to truly convince your audience that you are dead, and that you deserve to be dead. Let us see what Miss Brown can do with the part."

Sylvia Brown stepped into the centre of the floor, and Mme. Fairé signalled to the pianist to begin.

"She really is good," thought Marilyn, "I probably don't have a chance."

Aileen Parks, one of Marilyn's best friends, was next. She was good, but not so good as Sylvia.

"Miss Curtis! Please to begin."

Marilyn curtsied, and stood poised in the middle of the floor. The music began, softly and graciously, as the Dresden Doll displayed her charms to the little girl. Then there was a pause while the rag doll did her dance. The music became louder as though the two dolls were shouting their good points to the little girl, and then came the climax when the child chose the rag doll. It was then that Marilyn really began to dance. She thought of nothing except her hatred for the rag doll, and as she leaped and twirled, she felt herself truly destructive, and she imagined herself hurling all her fury on the tiny china dolls. The music was loud and fast, and Marilyn could feel her soul rising and falling with it. She herself knew that she had never danced like this before, and that her body and heart were really those of the Dresden Doll. The highlight of her performance was when she fell; when her body crumpled up completely and she lay motionless on the floor. There was a silence, and then Mme. Fairé called for the last competitor.

As Marilyn sat down, she knew that she had earnestly tried, and that she did have a chance for the part. It was not conceit, but she felt that the choice would be between herself and Sylvia Brown.

When the last girl had finished, the judges held a whispered conference, and then Mme. Fairé stood up. She made the usual speech about being good losers, and said other things which Marilyn did not bother to listen to. Then, like a thunderbolt, she heard Mme. Fairé say:

"And because of these reasons, I am awarding the part to Miss Brown."

Marilyn was disappointed, but she went to congratulate Sylvia. To her surprise, everyone began to congratulate her! At first she thought

they were trying to make her feel nice, but they seemed to be serious. She was about to leave the room, when Mme. Fairé came over to her.

"Marilyn, I am convinced that your talents would be wasted on the Dresden Doll, so I am recommending you for the lead in the "Toy-shop." You danced so beautifully today that I am sure you can handle the part of the Little Girl. I imagine the try-outs will be sometime tomorrow afternoon."

Marilyn thought that her heart would burst. She rushed to 'phone her mother, and then joined her friends for lunch. To celebrate they 'splurged' on a chocolate pecan sundae and a double coke.

"Well Marilyn, enjoy yourself, because if you get the part they'll probably put you on a diet, and if you gain even one pound, you'll be dropped like a hot potato."

Marilyn declared that she would cheerfully starve if she got the part, and she was so earnest that the girls didn't doubt that she would.

JOAN DAVIDSON,
Grade VIII.

(A lively, well-written story with a good plot and dialogue, — and real suspense!)



SENIOR SHORT STORY

1. Donna Smith—"A Sailor's Yarn."
2. Geraldine Schoepp—"Solitude."



JUNIOR SHORT STORY

1. Joan Davidson—"The Dresden Doll."
2. Eirene Landon—"Bobby's Box-Tops."

THE BRINK

It was night, and a heavy fog hung over the city, casting ghostly shadows from the high roof tops. The street lights, stark sentries on the deserted avenues, shone feebly through the thick mist. The old clock in the church tower struck, and its somewhat muffled sound echoed and re-echoed across the river. There seemed no stir of human life in that city, yet down by the river bank was the solitary figure of a man.

He was of medium height, with gaunt features and clothes hanging loosely on his thin frame. His pale eyes were deep-set in his drawn face. Apparently deep in thought, he stood somewhat stooped, staring across the river in a kind of trance. Suddenly he straightened to his full height, as if being snapped back into reality once more. An involuntary shudder racked his thin frame and he drew the tattered coat closer about him. The damp, cold, cheerless fog seemed to envelope him, closing him in, cutting him off. He gasped. The murky water below seemed to beckon to him and promise relief from worldly cares. He drew closer and closer until he was on the edge, very close to death, almost on the brink of eternity.

But still he stood, listening, waiting, still undecided and somewhat afraid. But nothing happened. He hesitated a few seconds longer, then, with what was almost like a sigh, he jumped. The sucking current drew him under, once, twice; by that time he was in mid-stream and fighting frantically to keep his head above water, as if deciding at that late hour, that he didn't want to die. But the icy waters closed once more above him, for the last time.

On the shore, a small yellow dog slunk up to the river's edge from the shadows, whimpering softly. The relentless river rushed on, waiting, like Time, for no man.

The night finally ran its course, the fog lifted; street lights were extinguished, and the first slanting rays of the sun broke across the horizon. As the sun shone higher and higher in the heavens, in this beginning of a new day, the city awoke and the humdrum life of the metropolis began all over again.

The old clock in the church tower struck, and its chime echoed and re-echoed across the river. The small yellow dog, continuing its vigil, whimpered softly, but the river kept its secret.

JANE GLADSTONE,

Grade IX.

A PUNISHMENT

Little one, grieve not,
 The snowdrops blow
 Far away,
 Little one, grieve not,
 The crocus springs
 To greet the day.
 Little one, grieve not
 For grief,
 For grief makes wise—
 The sages say.
 But little one, let us
 Bury our griefs
 Of yesterday.

Z. HAWKES.



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

I wonder how many of us have ever given much thought to the important part our school uniform plays in our lives. The other day I read in my home town paper that the High School students were considering the idea of a uniform for all the girls. This interested me very much as I felt that the Rupert's Land influence was even penetrating darkest Ontario!

Until a January day in 1948, I had never worn a school uniform, and when Miss Bartlett led me into the Grade X room, I felt much greener than my brand new tunic. The room seemed to be filled with wriggling green tunics, and at first all the girls seemed to look alike. Very quickly certain faces seemed to stand out, however, and I began to notice different voices and to become aware of different personalities.

The first thing a uniform does for a new girl is to give her that pleasant feeling of security — of "belonging." I know that feeling was very important to me, because until I began to make friends, it was the only thing I had in common with the other girls. The uniform put us all on the same footing, so to speak, and meant that each girl had nothing but her own personality to differentiate her from her school mates. After a short time, I began to be proud of my new uniform, and the next Summer, when I went home to Ontario, I modelled it for my young sister and my friends. It was then that they began to think of introducing similar uniforms to Orono High School.

Our short green tunics are most serviceable, and have in addition an economic value, being easier on our parents' much abused pocket books! We like our tunics for yet another reason. The colour green represents Spring or

Youth — Hope and Victory. Could any colour be more appropriate for a school uniform, especially when that school has as its motto, "Alta Petens"?

JOAN NEILSON,
 Grade XII.



SPRING

Once more the robin chirps,
 Once more the bluebirds sing,
 And Old Man Winter's driven away
 By little Mistress Spring.

Once more the apple tree's in bloom,
 Once more the children sing.
 The farmers work from morn to night
 While fairies make their ring.

Once more the daisies come,
 Once more the field flowers bloom,
 But, best of all, the Springtime's here
 Dispersing Winter's gloom.

JOANNE PROTHEROE,
 Grade V.



OUR DOG

We have a very nice dog. We call him Nifty. When he hears Daddy coming he looks so funny. His ears stick up and he thumps his tail on the floor.

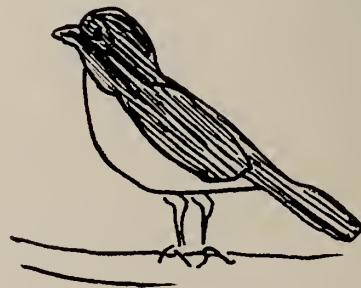
We love our dog and he loves us.
 Grade II.



THE ROBIN

I awoke the first morn of spring to see,
 A brown little robin who sat on a tree,
 He sang chirp, chirp, what a pleasure to be,
 The first little robin to sit on this tree.

NORMA DELL CAMERON,
 Grade VI.



JOKES AND REMARKS

Mrs. Dennis: (trying desperately to get something out of the singing class). "Now girls, just open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

* * *

Teacher: "You missed my class yesterday."
Pupil: "Not at all."

* * *

Miss Hawkes: "Today we will study, 'The Path of the King.'"

One pupil to another: "I wish he'd never walked."

* * *

Miss Boreham: "When did the revival of learning begin?"

Thelma: "Just before the exam."

* * *

(During Phonics lesson in Grades I and II.)

Mrs. Coulter: "Now class, I want a word starting with our new sound (b) B."

Carol (5 years old): "Teacher, I know one — (b) for battery. Daddy has one in his car."

* * *

Grade XII (laboriously filling in X-ray forms — come to the space left for ———— husband's name).

Shelagh (sighing — pencils in lightly the following words): "——— Love one."

* * *

Grade XI (anxiously trying to write out a memory passage from "Macbeth").

Geraldine: "Did you learn this passage, Miss Hawkes?"

Miss Hawkes: "Yes, I did once, but I don't know whether I can remember it now."

Geraldine: "Will you try?"

Miss Hawkes: "All right — 'If it 'twere done when 'tis done' — would you mind finishing the passage?"

Class: Laughs disappointedly.

★

A POEM

I met a little squirrel.
"Can you come and play with me?"
"Oh, I'm far too busy."
So he ran up a tree.

LYNN FUNNELL,
Grade II.

HASTY WORDS

It's strange how often I speak up,
And then in calm reflection
Wish I had said some other thing,
And wallow in dejection.

I see quick thinkers do the most
And fancy I am one;
I "dish out" lots of fast replies
And think I'm having fun.

It makes me feel so very smart—
At least until I see
That out of all the choice remarks,
The "dumbest" come from me.

When lightning quick I choose retorts—
The short ones or the long ones,
With all the answers waiting there
I always grab the wrong ones.

SHEILA KAPLAN,

Grade IX.

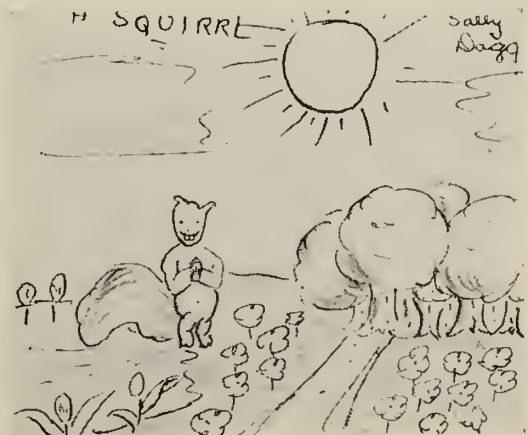
★

A POEM

I met a little squirrel.
I said, "Would you come and play with me?"
"Oh," he said, "I can't come now,
I want to climb a tree."

ELAINE PAPINEAU,

Grade II.



THE SENTINEL

Amid the rubble and dirt of the bombed-out little town, people lived and died; were born, married, and then passed on to senility. Out of the bricks of the once beautiful dwellings, the more resourceful fashioned homes, while the shiftless slept in the ruins in the streets. A short distance away, a few industrious men had begun to clear and plough the land, and to plant seeds in a plot of ground, and to wait.

The first green shoots that sprang up, brought joy, for they symbolized a new life. As the plants were tended, they grew, symbolizing a growing nation; and still later, as the plants swayed together in the wind, they stood for unity of the people. As the weeks passed, the green turned to gold and the crops were harvested. That was the final symbol, for it stood for a people prosperous once more.

But also among the people, there were the shiftless who whined at their misfortune, and contemplated robbery. They begged of those who had nothing to give, while in their hearts they knew that their plight was of their own making. They knew their wrong but seemed unable to remedy it.

But on a hill, overlooking the town, stood a cross, to which all paid homage — a guardian

over good and bad; old and young; weak and strong. It was a living inspiration to the strong-minded; a living reproach to the weak-minded. And on this cross hung a likeness of Christ — the Sentinel.

GERALDINE SCHOEPP,
Grade XI.



OUR LAB

The brave Grade Elevens each day of the week,
All trot to the lab. with its perfumes so sweet:
They spitter and sputter and get in a clutter,
They can't find their test tubes, and so start to mutter.

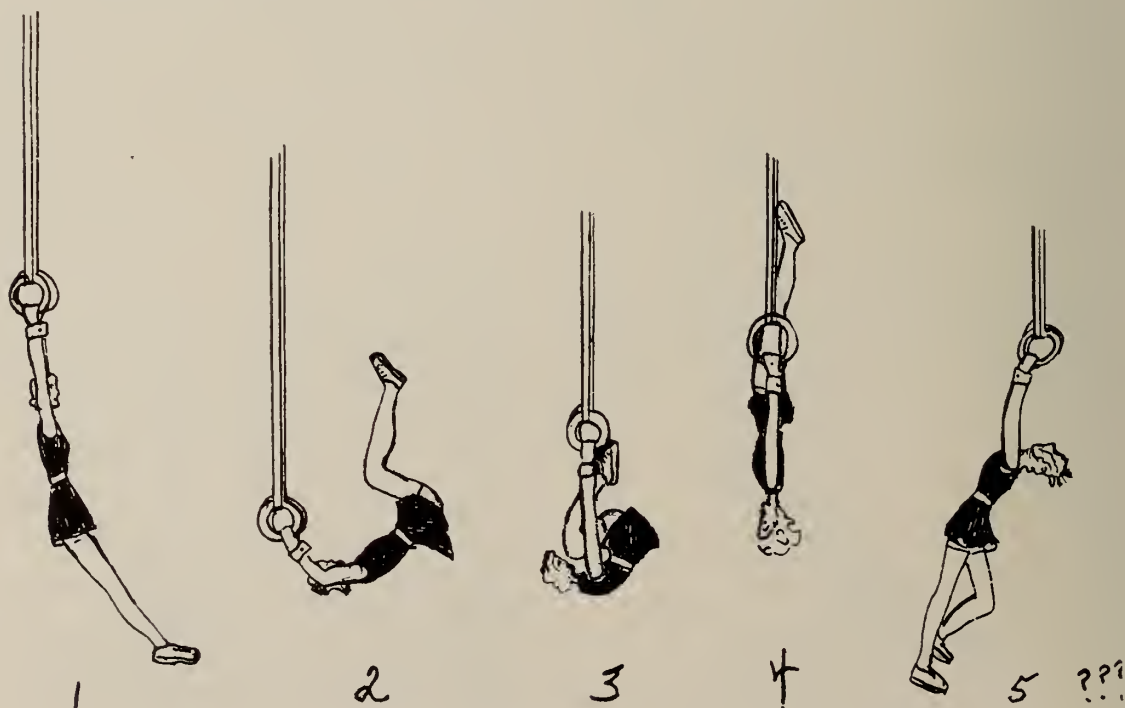
Miss Sharman then flies to the front of the room,
At which point they all know they have come to their doom,

For she looks at the class and she then grabs a flask,

While she quickly turns on all the rotten egg gas.

And Miss Sharman exults as the perfume arises,
While the class in hysterics or sickness — capsizes.

HAZEL DICKSON,
Grade XI



INA HUEHN

RUPERT'S LAND

Five years I've spent at Rupert's Land,
There's no denying it's been grand.
I've learned to spell and read and write,
And also how to be polite.

The teachers here are very nice,
They've helped me more than once or twice.
So in the years that follow these,
I hope my school reports will please.

BEVERLEY HAIGH,

Grade V.



AH MISERY!

School is such a frightful bore,
Just because we have to store
Heaps and heaps of useless knowledge
So that we can go to college.

Science that Miss Sharman teaches
Doesn't earn us cream and peaches,
Neither does Miss Boreham's Latin
Clothe us in fine silks and satin.

"Slanguage" in this Ladies' College
Isn't gleaned from Miss Hawkes' knowledge,
Nor in this atomic age
Have we time for History's page.

Yet we strive from morn to night,
Learning all that comes in sight,
Hoping in the end we'll find
How one ought to use the mind.

PATSY TAYLOR,

Grade XI.



Notes From the Art Room

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, the art room is a beehive of industry. We strive for a happy environment, as happy children give of their best. Since the immediate purpose of all art is to give pleasure, we succeed in teaching art only if the pupils experience pleasure. This pleasure is very evident in the junior grades, as the little people are fearless, enthusiastic, eagerly imaginative, and sincere. If the fearlessness can be carried into the senior grades, then art will play its real part in the school curriculum. Art today is working in correlation with home economics, music, literature, and scripture.

In September, 1947, teachers of art and crafts, met in the Hudson's Bay Store. The meeting was arranged by Miss Elizabeth McLeish, (Art Supervisor of Brandon Schools), Miss B. A. Pilling, (Art Instructor at Provincial Normal

School), Miss J. D. Hunt, (Art Instructor at Daniel McIntyre High School), and Miss N. H. George, (Art Supervisor of Winnipeg Schools). The speaker was Miss Winona Mulcaster, (Art Instructor, Normal School, Saskatoon). Miss Mulcaster studied with Arthur Lismer. From this meeting the Manitoba Association for Art Education was organized and since then has been recognized by the Manitoba Board of Education.

The purpose of this organization is to arouse public appreciation of the educational value of art; to secure adequate art training for teachers; to arrange exhibitions of art and crafts from Manitoba Schools — also an exchange of school childrens' work, forming a unity between rural and city schools. This is all being done with a great deal of success proving most valuable both to student and teacher.

At present a very fine collection of art work done by Rupert's Land students from grade IV to X has been given to the M.A.A.E. for exchange purposes.

A group of drawings chosen from the different schools in Manitoba is on tour throughout Great Britain. Rupert's Land School has contributed two pastel drawings to the collection.

For two weeks now we have been enjoying a very interesting exchange of art work done by the senior students of Daniel McIntyre High School, also a junior collection from grades 1-11. The senior collection is educational and intriguing, as many isms are depicted, such as realism, cubism, impressionism, surrealism, escapism. Art is very definitely making a place for itself in the school curriculum. It creates a balance which is necessary to education in our modern world.

MARGARET C. HOLLAND.



FROM THE ART ROOM WINDOW

J.W.

Grade XI Graduates

LILLIAN BRIERCLIFFE

Those people who see little of Lillian, probably think her very quiet, but in the boarding school, it is an altogether different story, for here it is one of the usual things to hear that booming voice down the hall. Four years ago, Lil came to "Rupe" from Methven, and this year is one of Dalton's prefects. She also takes a keen interest in art. Next year we will all be glad to have Lil come back to "Rupe" to take her Grade XII.



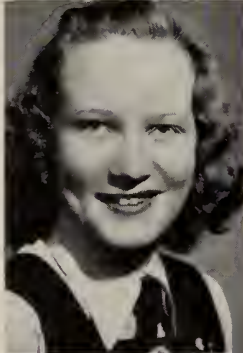
JOCELYN CAREY

Jocelyn has only been at "Rupe" since Grade 10, but in that short time she has become a very important person in our school life. This year she is a prefect and Jones House Captain, as well as an enthusiastic player on the first team. As one of the editors of the magazine, and as vice-president of the Literary Society, she has shown her capacity for this type of work. If there is anything to be done, Joc. is sure to be one of the first to volunteer. Because of this willingness to do things, and because of her personality and ability, she has won many faithful friends. Next year Joc. plans to take Arts at the U. of M. and we wish her every success in the future.



HAZEL DICKSON

Saskatchewan's entry into the class this year, is Hazel, who hails from Regina. She is our violinist and pianist, and entertained us accordingly, at the Mother and Daughter banquet. Hazel always has a bright remark to "pep up" a tiring period, and her gaiety makes the Friday English periods full of laughter — to Miss Hawkes' delight (?) The winter term's class president, Hazel was deeply sympathized with, when she couldn't collect much money from the parsimonious class. She played on Matheson's volleyball team, and is a member of the Literary Society. Hazel is not sure of her plans for next year, but she wants to take nursing. We all feel that she would make an efficient, sympathetic nurse.



MARGARET DUNCAN

Margaret came to us this year from Fort William, and has already acquired more nick-names than anyone else in the school. She is THE quiet member of Grade XI, and except for the occasional giggle, little is heard from her. In the boarding school it's a different story, for Marg's sarcasm and wit are well known. Marg's interests lean to oil painting, (which she does beautifully), and knitting socks, (the same ones all year!). Although she does not look the type, Marg donned muscles and did, "Rover, the Strong Man," to perfection at initiation! Margaret's future is undecided, but she will probably return to "Rupe." Good luck in whatever you choose, Margaret!



ALICE ELLIOT

Alice came to "Rupe" in Grade X. This year she is a prefect in Machray House, and is on the Boarders' Council. She's one of our enthusiastic boarders, hailing from way down south, from Melita. She roomed with Gerry in the second term, and dire rumours were heard—of broken bones. Remember Gerry's sling? Alice's future is uncertain, but we wish her the very best in whatever she undertakes.





PAM GARTON

Pam is definitely our veteran, for she came to the school away back in Grade III, and not many of us remember the shy pigtailed girl she was then. This year she is a prefect in Dalton, as well as being the star player on the first team. But Pam was always full of fire, as may be seen by the fine record of the teams this year. But for a much truer record of Pam's achievements, all you have to do is ask the Juniors, whom she has made into a terrific team.



MOIRA MORRISON

Moira came to us from Yorkton in Grade IX, and since then has furnished both the school and the boarders with a great source of humour. This year Moira is Matheson House Captain, and one of the business managers of "The Eagle," as well as being on the boarders' council, the second team, and taking part in many other activities. She plans to come back next year for her last year at "Rupe." Ever hear of Yorkton, that thriving community, with its schools, buildings and people? Ask Moira; she would be delighted to tell you!



SHELAGH MORRISON

Shelagh came to "Rupe" in Grade VI, and has been active in school life ever since. This year Shelagh is Dalton House Captain, a forward on the first team, and records events for the Year Book. But she also finds time for extra French, driving her own car, and a certain, "Red convertible." Shelagh plans to take Home Ec. Could it be she's preparing for her life's work?



MARLENE MUSGROVE

Marlene came to "Rupe" in Grade VI and since then has been in the foreground in many of the school activities. What with being assistant sports captain, a prefect in Jones House, a guard on the first team, and on the Eaton's Junior Council, Marlene leads a very full life. Besides all this, she finds time to be interested in gym and art. Marlene plans to take first year Home Ec. and then go in training. Good luck!



JANICE NIXON

Those low grumblings that come from behind Jocelyn — are from Janice, who saves her comments until everyone else is talking — so they won't be heard — much! Janice came to "Rupe" in Grade IX, from Pine Falls, and since then has gone about in her quiet way. Her interests are bound up in reading and knitting, and those lovely sweaters she appears in, are of her own making. Janice either finds the scenery outside the window—beautiful, or the blue sky reminds her of California, for whenever asked a question, Janice has to be recalled from her dreams and gazing. Janice's future is uncertain, but in whatever she chooses, we wish her the best of luck.



GERALDINE SCHOEPP

Gerry came to "Rupe" in Grade VII as a boarder and has shown her presence ever since. This year she is Jones House secretary and an editor of the Year Book. Gerry is definitely Mrs. Fallis' pride and joy, because of her interest in history. Have you heard Gerry practising up on her "southern accent" in order to be all ready for Texas? She may not get to Texas this summer, but her personality and ability are sure to carry her a long way.



PATSY TAYLOR

Patsy came to "Rupe" in Grade V and since then Machray House and the school have benefitted. She was secretary last year and is now Machray House captain. Besides this she is a star forward on the first team and a business manager for, "The Eagle." Patsy seems to be heading for either Home Ec. at the University, or Grade XII and then Physiotherapy, but somehow French should fit in. And did you know that Beverley Robinson and few dozen others, are all relations of Patsy's?

Grade XII Graduates



THELMA DAWSON

What would grade twelve do without Thelma, who is always ready to have the class parties at her house, and who always supplies such scrumptious food. Thelma entered "Rupe" in grade ten, and it wasn't long until we thought of her as an "old girl," for she took such an interest in school activities. This year she is on the photography committee, is a senior lieutenant in Jones, and has played in house volleyball and badminton games. She was also our class president for a term. Thelma is interested in ballet, and because she works so hard, we know she will do very well. Besides having an ambition to be a ballerina, Thelma is also interested in nursing, and next September she plans to enter the Grace Hospital.



SHELAGH JOY

Shelagh has been coming to "Rupe" off and on since grade four, but in grade ten she came for a more permanent stay. This year Shelagh has been grade twelve's class president for a term, and has also played on the volleyball team for Dalton House. Like Thelma, Shelagh takes a keen interest in dancing, and takes lessons at the Winnipeg Ballet. Who knows—maybe one day she'll become our ballet star! With regard to her plans for next year, Shelagh is undecided, but is debating over an invitation which she has had, to go to England. Good luck in whatever you do, Shelagh.



JUNE KOBAR

June, our popular head girl, and head of the Boarding School Council this year, takes an active interest in all school activities. She is a member of the Literary Society, a guard on the first team, plays on all the Machray House teams, and is an editor of, "The Eagle." Even with all these activities, June still finds time to help the Council, and take all their problems to Miss Bartlett. Her main shock of the year came at the Basket Ball dance, when, in an elimination dance, she said, "All boys with long underwear—off the floor," and someone actually went! June plans to be a nurse, but next year she will probably be at home at Herb Lake, (cleaning out railway cars!?).



JOAN NEILSON

Joan came to "Rupe" for the last part of grade ten, and since then has become an interesting member of the class, and because of her pleasant manner, has made many friends. Joan has saved us from many a disaster, by ringing the bell just on time, and we give her credit for her promptness. Joan is a senior lieutenant in Machray House. She takes an interest in special art. Like most of grade twelves, Joan's ambition is to be a nurse, and next year she plans to train in the Grace Hospital. We are sure you will do well, Joan.



NANCY SMITH

Nancy made her entrance into "Rupe" in grade six, and since then has taken an active and enthusiastic part in school life. This year Nancy is a prefect in Jones House, and is on the photography committee for the Year Book. Who will forget the day when the council were sitting on the stairs at recess, flashing their brightest smiles, while posing for their picture, and the surprise they had when Nancy clicked it, and the flash bulb exploded — luckily Nance survived! Next year Nancy plans to take nursing, and will train at the General Hospital. Good luck, Nancy.



BEVERLEY SNYDER

Bev. came to us this year from Melita, to take her place among the grade twelves, who soon realized that without her steady calmness, they would be lost. Not only does she do her exercises in P.T. classes, but at night Bev. is usually found trying her hardest to get that hand stand just right! Bev. takes a keen interest in art, and especially in painting various types of figurines. Next year Bev. plans to go into nursing, and if patience is the outstanding feature in this career, we are sure she will be a success.

Farewells

We hardly know how to say goodbye to Miss Bartlett. School will just not be the same without her. Who will listen to our woes, settle our grievances, and deal with every girl as fairly and kindly as she has always done? And who, incidentally, will pet and spoil Timmy, or will he be privileged to accompany her?

Miss Bartlett has taken a keen interest, not only in our school work, but in all our other activities—our games—our Houses—and our societies. We are grateful for the very generous measure of her time that she has given us, as we know that she has been very active outside school as well.

Miss Bartlett has done more than "do" things for us, however. She has been a great example and inspiration, in her zest for work, her devotion to duty, and her unselfish service. We do want to assure her that she will always be remembered by us with deep affection and gratitude.

* * *

MISS SMITH, from whom we part regretfully at the end of this term, has been at Rupert's Land for eight years, during which time she has made a valuable contribution to the school in her teaching of Grades 5 and 6. She has not confined her interest to these grades, however, and this year Machray House has valued her leadership. Miss Smith is going to teach in Woodstock School, Mussoorie, North India, so, instead of visiting the Rockies, she will be visiting the Himalayas! We hope she will be very happy in her new work and that she will write and tell us all about it.

* * *

At the end of this term we have to say goodbye to Miss Newton, who, during the seven years she has taught at Rupert's Land, has won our affection and respect. Miss Newton has taken a quiet but active part in school affairs, and we were all very proud of Grade 7 when they won top honours in the Junior section of the Speech Competition. Dalton House has also been glad to have her as their President this year. As she leaves, our best wishes go with her, and we hope she will come and visit us in our new school.

* * *

We have to say farewell to Mrs. MacKenzie at the end of this term. We shall miss her pleasant friendliness, as will the girls of Grades

3 and 4, whom she has taught. We hope she will be very happy in whatever she undertakes. We also say goodbye to Mrs. Peterson, who has taught Home Economics. Many girls have enjoyed her capable instruction and helpfulness. She too will be missed.

* * *

As we have to write these notes in advance for the printers, we are aware that much concerning next year's plans is still unsettled. Therefore, lest we should miss anyone, we should like to say goodbye to any and all who are leaving our ranks this year, and to wish them every happiness in the future. To this future, we who remain, turn with no unmixed feeling, but there will undoubtedly be much opportunity for unselfish service.

THE GIRLS.

★

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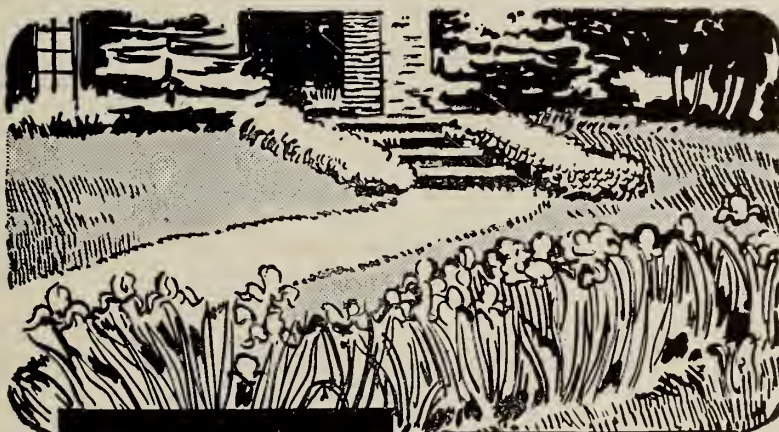
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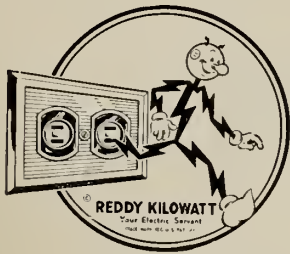


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*Mr. R. H. G. Bonnycastle, vice-chairman of Rupert's Land School,
keeps house during the flood.*

Autographs

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